# The Literary Digest

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY

# Chicago's New "World's Fair Mayor"

"Tony, Tony, where's your push-cart at?
How do you expect to be World's Fair Mayor
With a name like that?"

SO SANG BILL THOMPSON, thrice Mayor of Chicago, as he started his campaign for reelection against Anton J. Cermak (Dem.), successively coal-miner, stable-boy, truck driver, push-cart pedler, contractor, party leader, and virtual ruler of Cook County.

And on election night "Tony" was sending word back to Big Bill, where he sat at his headquarters frowning as the returns came in, and chewing nervously at the end of a fat black cigar. He was sending word to Big Bill that "he'll never forget where my push-cart was to-night!"

So the Baltimore *Sun*'s Chicago correspondent recalls the scene.

And certain it is that the Bohemian-born Cermak, "with a name like that"—he pronounces it "Sir-mack"—will be Chicago's world's fair Mayor, for the people have said it to the tune of 190,000 majority in a total vote of more than a million.

And now the rest of the world, which has so often been made aware of Chicago's Mayor through spectacular actions and pronouncements, wonders what the effect will be on the city. In general the tendency is to accept the result with gratification—but not enthusiasm.

In Chicago the press, which almost unanimously supported Cermak, regardless of party affiliations, declares that a victory has been won for good government. *The Tribune*, for instance, puts it this way: "the election was an ejection, a dirty job, but Chicago has washed itself and put on clean clothes."

"Pack Up and Leave!"

Is the advice given to Chicago's gangsters by the new Mayor, Anton J. Cermak.

THE new Mayor, who will probably be on the job in the City Hall by the time this reaches the reader's eye—for there is no set inauguration date—has made several statements to the press.

In one he declares: "It was not my personal popularity that resulted in this unprecedented victory." And he speaks of the election-day as beginning "a new day for Chicago—a day of progress and creativeness that will require the cooperation of all the citizens of this great community." A Chicago dispatch to the New York *American* by Universal Service quotes the new Mayor as saying:

"My advice to crooks and gangsters is to pack up and leave or prepare for long terms in jail.

"Corruption shall go from our midst. Our streets will be safe. Industry and commerce will find the highest encouragement."

And in a long preelection statement Mr. Cermak said, as quoted in the Chicago *Tribune*, that the issues of the campaign were:

"Crime, taxation, the restoration of Chicago's lost reputation, and relief of our increasing unemployment."

Mr. Cermak was further quoted as saying on this occasion:

"When elected Mayor, I pledge myself to bring about the complete reorganization of the Police Department, and through the appointment of an honest, virile Civil Service Commission, to turn out every crook in the Police Department, and to reestablish the morale of the honest and efficient members of the department.

"I further pledge myself to free the department entirely from political obligation and political influence.

"I am confident that by eliminating graft, waste, and extravagance in the administration of the city departments and the school board, I can effect a material reduction in taxes."

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, newspaper readers remember, and the editors have been reminding them of it lately, was three times elected Mayor of Chicago for the four-year term—in 1915, 1919, and 1927. During these three terms his personality and his methods became fully known to the world. This last campaign was probably the least spectacular of his career. He won the Republican nomination for Mayor, against divided opposition, in February. In the campaign against Cermak he fought back, but, as the New York *Times* notes editorially, it was not in the old way—perhaps in part because of ill health:

"There have been a few words about King George and that monarch's plan to capture the Chicago school system.

"The large Irish population of Chicago has been asked how it enjoys having a Democratic nominee recruited from the 'Bohunks' instead of from the proud blood of Erin. Some remarks there have been about bosses who should be propelling push-carts.

"But the abuse has been languid and without response. To every one's surprize, Mr. Thompson has talked a great deal about taxes and his reduction of the deficit; he has spoken piously as to his plans to put down racketeering, and wound up with a plea that his long service should be crowned by election

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as 'World's Fair Mayor.' (The city is to have a great lake-front exposition during the next Mayoralty term.)"

Perhaps the most interesting item in the rotogravure sheet the Mayor sent to voters during the campaign was an obituary notice which, according to Mr. Thompson, "the Chicago *Tribune* prepared to print last November, believing that the Mayor was about to die as the result of an operation . . . the only fair article about him it has ever put in type." Here is

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The Whole World Is Watching Chicago as She Begins to Redeem Her Reputation

—McCutcheon in the Chicago "Tribune."

one of the sentences Mayor Thompson quoted from the hostile *Tribune:*

"In his three decades of political activity he has put his unmistakable stamp upon men and affairs. His genius for the spectacular made him an international figure—he was a force to be reckoned with."

But the voters turned him down nevertheless on April 7. According to a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Times*, there was little difference of opinion in Chicago about the causes of the Cermak victory:

"Students of the situation agreed the most influential factor was that Chicago as a whole turned anti-Thompson because of his conduct of the Mayor's office during his present term, with his previous record for eight years as a strong background.

"Most of the analysts agreed that the decision of the voters also was a direct result of the widely different styles of campaigns waged by the two contenders. Despite occasional brief outbursts of irritation, Mr. Cermak held himself down to a discussion of the issues of taxation, crime, and unemployment, while Thompson's operations consisted almost entirely of attacks upon his opponent, and appeals to racial, religious, and class prejudice.

"There was general agreement, even among the Thompsonites, that this type of attack, successful in former battles of the 'City Hall crowd,' reacted this year against Mr. Thompson."

So Big Bill Thompson passes, to be succeeded by a personality different but no less interesting. Instead of the American of pioneer stock born to wealth who has in his political methods and procedure "climbed down from his natural place to mix with the lowest, to spread from the platform the language of the gutter, to clown and to buffoon," we have "Anton Cermak, Bohemian-born immigrant, brought up in the foreign sections of the Illinois coal country, so that he still talks with his Old World intonation." The comparison is made by W. A. S. Douglas, Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

Cermak, as we gather from a number of newspaper biographies, was born near Prague in Bohemia. When only a year old he was brought to this country, in the words of Philip Kinsley, writing in the Chicago *Tribune*—"a product of the peasant life of old Bohemia, transplanted to the American sunshine." Then, as Mr. Kinsley carries on the story, we read how young Cermak left home to earn his own living at the age of eleven. There was a brief period of wage-earning in Chicago at the rate of two dollars a week. Then he was back home again to the mines at Braidwood, Illinois. After a while Anton became a mule-driver. He was fired one day when he was about sixteen, then, as Mr. Kinsley continues:

"He made up a bundle and started for Chicago. This time he would stay and carve out a new family path. He worked at various jobs at first. One was that of a brakeman on the old E. J. & E. Railroad.

"Whatever money he made he saved, and at the age of nineteen began the teaming business with one team. This grew in time to forty. The time came when he left his teaming business to his father and brothers, but the contract is still held in his name. He hauled everything, furniture, ashes, wood, and coal.

"When he was twenty-one years old he was making enough money to support a home of his own. He had met a girl in a restaurant one day, a milliner, Mary Horejas, three years younger than himself, and he set out energetically to win her. They were married in the summer of his twenty-first year, and that fall he built a house for her.

"There were three children, all girls and married now, with five grandchildren forming the light of Cermak's home life."

And a recent visit to the Cermak home enabled Mr. Kinsley to describe the new Chicago Mayor:

"There is no doubt of the energy of the big-shouldered man who sits in an easy chair fingering a pile of unopened letters and telegrams. His silk shirt is collarless, for there are no women about.

"The picture of his wife, who died a year ago, occupies a prominent place in the hallway.

"He moves and talks with energy and a great flow of ideas, which, however, seldom touch any vague idealism. They are of practical matters, the growth of Chicago, the tax problem, how to run a political organization.

"He does not smoke, drinks sparingly, and has a big reserve of strength to draw upon.

"Altho he has been in politics for many years and has held elective office of some kind since 1902, it has only been in the last few years that he has emerged as a real leader.

"He is sure of one thing and that is that it is not through any charm of personality that he has arrived there. He has been forceful, but it has been because of the organization that he could control, the votes that he could deliver."

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As the Providence *Journal* sums up Cermak's political career:

"He has been a member of the Legislature and both branches of the City Council, chief bailiff of the Municipal Court, secretary of the United Societies for Local Self-Government, president of the Cook County Board, president of the Forest Reserve Commission, chairman of the Democratic Cook County Central Committee, and his party's nominee for United States Senator. His enemies call him a boss, and at least he is an adroit political manager."

And now he is Mayor. As the Baltimore *Sun* writer, already quoted, describes him:

"He is a boss with brains enough and soft soap enough to wrest the party leadership from the Irish, who had held it almost as a feudal right through the successive reigns of Mike McDonald, Charley Hopkins, Robert Emmet Burke, Roger Sullivan, and George Brennan. Mr. Cermak won't clown and he'll show up at the office every day—but the system, the old-time machine spoils system, will be just the same, whether Democratic or Republican."

How much better Chicago is going to be with Mr. Cermak and the Democrats in control remains to be seen, writes Edwin S. McIntosh from Chicago to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Mr. Cermak, the only Bohemian who ever pushed the Irish out of control in any big city in this country, is as 'liberal' in his theory and practise as Mayor Thompson. It is freely predicted on the streets that the only difference Cermak's election will make will be that the domination of the speak-easies will be wrested from the police and placed in the hands of the Democratic leaders.

"There is much more involved in the probable victory of Mr. Cermak than the Democratic rule of Chicago, however. If he is elected, his victory will have made him the undisputed Democratic ruler of the State, which holds strong prospect of being a Democratic State in the next national election."

In fact, the chief worry about Cermak, writes Owen L. Scott from Chicago for the Consolidated Press, appears to be "over the possibility of his construction of a huge political machine, comparable to the Tammany organization in New York and the Vare machine in Pennsylvania."

But these worries are not reflected in the editorial columns of the Chicago dailies. *The Tribune*, which jumped party lines to support the Democratic candidate, says:

"Mr. Cermak has been in active politics from early manhood. He has had long experience of its ways and he has proved his ability to deal with them for the public benefit. Mr. Cermak served three terms in the City Council and knows the problems of city administration well. The last time he ran for alderman, the Municipal Voters' League said of him: 'Finishing fifth year as alderman; one of the council leaders; probably superior to any other alderman in push and driving power; voted against overloading the budget.'"

And besides his service in the City Council Mr. Cermak has three times been elected President of the Cook County Board, an important office, which has been described as a sort of Mayoralty of the county. *The Tribune* continues:

"Mr. Cermak promises the people of Chicago a new deal in city government. He offers his record as evidence of what the new deal will be. He pledges the purging of the police department of the influence of the underworld."

"Mr. Cermak has it within his power to repeat his county record of efficiency with the municipal government of Chicago," declares *The Evening Post*, which adds that "the element of hope rather than fear is to the fore as Chicago awaits the new Mayor and the new deal in its municipal affairs."

The new Mayor "is an experienced and strong executive" who, in the judgment of the Chicago *Daily News*, "has advanced to his new and high honors by native ability and long years of capable public service." And as for William Hale Thompson, this Chicago paper continues—

"Let him pass peacefully into political oblivion, still cloaked in his impenetrable egotism. With his passing should close definitely the era of misrule and moral retrogression in government which was ushered in with the beginning of his first mayoral term sixteen years ago."

Outside of Chicago Mr. Cermak has, in the eyes of the Boston *Transcript*, to begin with, "every appearance of being composed of the right stuff to make headway against criminal politics in the great city of the Lakes."

"Cermak's attainments may not be such as to qualify him as a statesman, but," the Washington *Post* remarks, "he possesses

The Woodshed

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

common sense, and he at least afforded Chicagoans an opportunity to register their disapproval of the brawler who has made their city a butt of ridicule."

Mr. Cermak may not be anything approaching the kind of Mayor a great city like Chicago should have, but, comments the New York *Times*—

"He was the most effective lever which could be placed upon the fulcrum of the voting majority. He did the work for which he was selected, and for this he merits the thanks not only of Chicago but of the United States.

"Hope is generally exprest that Mr. Cermak will put aside some of his tendencies as a political boss and attempt to help Chicago out of the morass of crime and official graft and inefficiency in which its government has been plunged during the Thompson era."

And over in England, where, as a United Press dispatch puts it, the "Chicago Mayor's anti-British complex has made him as important a news figure as is Al Capone," Big Bill Thompson's decisive defeat was played up prominently in the London dailies.

And as King George, tho ill, reads most of the London papers, his eye probably fell upon the London *Evening Standard's* congratulations to "the people of Chicago upon having liberated themselves from a dangerous mountebank who has dominated their civic life too long."

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# The Great Tammany Tiger Hunt

"SILVER-HAIRED, RUDDY OF FACE, impassive, his eyes half hidden by his thick-lensed glasses, Samuel Seabury presides—the picture of an upright judge.

"A Buddha in pink marble, some one called him, aloof, detached.

"That is Judge Seabury in the magistrates' investigation—a judicial inquiry ordered by the highest court of this judicial district.

"But now," continues Lindesay Parrott, of the New York *Evening Post*, "this pink-cheeked, mellow, low-voiced man is to have another function.

"Judge Seabury will be prosecutor of the city-wide investigation by the Legislature—the man to make the charges, drive them home, and not the man to listen with judicial calm while counsel spreads the tale before him."

And still another rôle falls to Judge Seabury in the great civic drama being staged in New York. Listing chronologically the steps by which he has become the outstanding figure on the metropolitan stage:

First, he was named a referee by the Appellate Division to clean up the lower courts, an investigation involving magistrates, policemen, bondsmen and lawyers, and resulting in the exposure of vicious conditions.

Second, as recounted in our issue of March 21, Governor Roosevelt named him as a commissioner to investigate the Tammany District Attorney, Thomas C. T. Crain, on charges of "futile and incompetent" conduct of his office, an inquiry that is now being prest.

Third, and most important of all, he gets the post of counsel in the cellar-to-garret examination of the city government ordered by the Legislature.

Acme photograph

Ready for "the Fight of His Life"

Surrounded by flowers which greeted his return from a sun-and-rest cure in California, Mayor "Jimmy" Walker prepares to give battle to his accusers.

THIS man, for the next few months, perhaps for a year and a half, or even two years, say the political experts, will be probing and burrowing, digging and fighting his way through the multitudinous affairs of a civic empire—an empire with an army of 120,000 employees.

What will he find? To the country at large, this is the domain of Tammany, altho the Wigwam actually is said to confine its rule to Manhattan. But Tammany is under fire—this is the fourth time in forty years that it has faced a Legislative investigation—and the man who is training the guns for the city-wide attack is a Tammany foe of long standing, we read.

Thundering in Judge Seabury's ears are the demands of civic organizations, clergymen, newspapers, and of a huge mass-meeting of citizens, for an end of "corruption," of "misrule," of "indifference and wisecrackery," and of "futility and flippancy" in office.

What Judge Seabury finds, it is said, may make or break many political careers. From New York the long arm of fate is reaching out to the Capitol at Albany, where sits Governor Roosevelt, and to the Presidential campaign of 1932. Perhaps even the trend of the nation itself is involved, it is pointed out, for Governor Roosevelt is regarded as an outstanding aspirant for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and his attitude toward Tammany may have a decisive effect upon his political fortunes.

Thus Judge Seabury dominates a situation that holds, and will continue to hold, the attention of the country, with the Tammany Tiger at bay, but full of fight.

PLAYING opposite Judge Seabury is the dapper and witty Mayor James J. Walker, who is under fire on charges of "wilfully and wantonly betraying his trust."

Here it may be well to give a summary of the many-sided situation about which the country has been reading for months. This is supplied by Paul Y. Anderson, writing for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

"Thus far one Judge has been sentenced to prison, one has been removed, two have been indicted, seven have resigned their lucrative posts of honor, and others are scheduled to go.

"A Justice of the Supreme Court has disappeared — vanished completely. Approximately twenty lawyers face immediate disbarment proceedings.

"One policeman has been convicted, eleven others indicted, seven dismissed, and twenty-seven suspended on charges. A high city official has resigned under fire, and his assistant has been indicted for bribery.

"Capping this lurid sequence of events, charges of misfeasance in office have now been filed against the Mayor and District Attorney, looking to their removal by the Governor, and a sweeping investigation of the entire city and county government has been ordered by the State Legislature."

FOR weeks the papers have been seething with developments in the great Tammany "hunt," developments that have come tumbling so fast that the public may have found it difficult to keep pace with them. Hence another summary, taken from the press, may be of value—

"Tammany is preparing to clean up the city government from the inside immediately, and expects to have reforms in operation in practically every city department before the Legislative Commission has a chance to do it and make political capital of it," says the New York *Sun*.

But investigation of Tammany's investigations will be one of the first acts of the Legislative inquiry, it is reported.

Mayor Walker will "meet his Waterloo" within 100 days, declares the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, co-author of the charges against the Mayor, at a huge "indignation" mass-meeting.

Tanned and eight pounds heavier than when he went to California on his physician's orders, Mayor Walker returns quietly to New York, "the cleanest and best city in the world," so he says, prepared for what the New York *Herald Tribune* calls "the fight of his life."

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# High Cost of Rackets Ruining Business

TWO RACKETS, EACH OF US IS PAYING from $96 to $144 a year.

Racketeering is bleeding the country of somewhere between $12,000,000,000 and $18,000,000,000 annually.

These amazing revelations are made by the New York State Crime Commission in its report to the Legislature.

Shocked by the enormous levy imposed by the criminal world, editors struggle to reduce the statistics to a more graspable form. Twelve billion dollars, we are told, is almost three times the amount it costs to run the entire Federal Government for a year. Such a huge sum, turned from the legitimate business channels, it is pointed out, may well have been one cause of the economic depression gripping the country.

A concise analysis is provided by the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Even the minimum sum mentioned is a staggering amount.

"It is about three-quarters of the national debt.

"It is equal to perhaps 15 or 16 per cent. of the estimated total national wealth, which means that in the course of seven or eight years, a sum equal to the whole of that wealth passes through the hands of predatory criminals.

"It is an amount large enough to run the Federal Government for two and a half to three years.

"The sum, if saved and kept in the channels of legitimate business, might easily have prevented all the economic trouble from which the people and business of the United States have suffered for the last year. Twelve billions of extra resources would have kept this country 'on the top of the world,' and then some."

"It is the public who pays" for "this illegal system of levying tribute from legitimate organizations and business," says the Crime Commission's report, pointing out that "one racket in New York State alone, that of fake securities, is known to total approximately $400,000,000 a year."

WHAT can be done about it? The Commission says: "It would seem that corrective measures can be formulated to stop, in part at least, the racketeering within the confines of the State, but the subject should be investigated, which can be done, so that the necessary steps can be taken intelligently."

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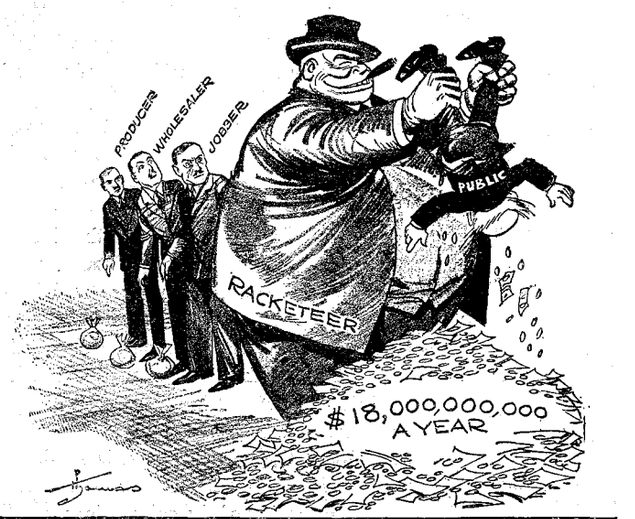
The New Drive Against Crime
—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

The same day that the Commission published its report, New York papers carried the news that Federal authorities were ready to launch a war on racketeers in the metropolis via the income-tax law. The city is said to pay $200,000,000 a year to rackets, and, according to the New York *Times*, "it was estimated that the Government had been cheated by racketeers and gangsters of $3,500,000 in New York during 1930."

For the New York war, internal-revenue agents and accountants were imported from Chicago, where their assault on gangdom was "so surprizingly successful," as we are told by Michael W. Straus, correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, that—




The New Middleman
—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

"Eight of the 'big shots' among the local outlaws, who have always been immune from disturbance by city, county, and State officials, have been found guilty and sentenced, or are facing sentences, up to five years in prison, plus staggering fines.

"The end is not in sight, for at least twenty more are being investigated for not handing over a division of their profits as bootleggers, gamblers, and vice operators."

FOR the benefit of those who may have only a hazy idea of just what a racket is, we quote from the Hartford *Courant:*

"The policeman who takes an apple from a fruit stall or a handful of peanuts from a sidewalk stand is a racketeer, in that he takes something to which he has no right, and the loss of which the owner can not protest. The cost, of course, is paid by the purchasing consumer.

"A more obvious form of racketeering exists chiefly in the larger cities, altho occasional examples of it are evident everywhere. This is the so-called 'protective organization' to which a retailer must pay tribute or find his goods spoiled, his life threatened, and his trade frightened away. And the cost of the 'protective organization,' of course, is paid by the consumer.

"There are innumerable variations of the racket. They have but one common feature—they are all paid for through the nose of the consumer. Generally he has no idea that he is paying for it, since the dealer is unwilling to admit the real cause for the price he is charging, and can find a variety of reasons to explain it. But the dealer knows, and slowly the public is learning that the cause is the racket."

And the worst of it is, as many papers assert with the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, "there appears to be no effective method of coping with the evil"—

"The very fact that the Government seeks to end the menace by indirect methods, by prosecuting racketeers for failure to make returns on income for purposes of taxation, is in itself an admission of failure."

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# Roosevelt "Out in Front"

IN THE RACE for the Democratic Presidential nomination next year, Gov. Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York is just now "out in front."

Such, at least, is the unanimous conclusion of newspapers commenting on the poll of members of the last Democratic convention taken by Mr. Jesse Straus of New York, showing that out of 942 delegates of 1928 who replied, 478 favor Roosevelt. Next in line are Alfred E. Smith with 125, Owen D. Young with 73, Governor Ritchie of Maryland with 39, Senator Robinson of Arkansas with 38, Newton D. Baker with 35, and James A. Reed with 15.

This may mean that Roosevelt is "out in front" right now, but opinions split sharply as to whether it means that he will win the Democratic nomination in the end.

To take some of the papers most seriously imprest, we find the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* convinced "that the Roosevelt star is steadily ascending." Another Southern Democratic paper, the New Orleans *States*, noting that Roosevelt was said to be second choice of many who preferred other candidates, inclines to the idea that "his real strength is considerably greater than the poll reveals." And here is the Nashville *Tennessean* suggesting that "when the Democratic hosts get it into their heads that Roosevelt is the popular leader, his drive will go a long distance on its own momentum." Still another Democratic paper, the Macon *Telegraph*, thinks a lot of politicians do not understand "that there is a tremendous current running for Roosevelt and that the support of his cause is even more enthusiastic outside of New York than within that State."

And a non-partizan observer, the Washington *Evening Star*, condemns as "merest twaddle" the notion that it is a mistake for a candidate to have a lead in the race for the nomination such a long time in advance of the meeting of the convention:

"If a candidate has real strength, the sooner he comes into the lead the better off he is. He must be able to maintain the pace he sets, of course, if he is to win. But the day of successful 'dark-horse' candidates for the Presidential nomination seems fading."

AND now for the other angle.

That Straus straw vote is interesting enough, says the Philadelphia *Record*, independent, but with a Democratic past; "but as an indication of what will happen next year its value is just about that of a zero robbed of its rim." Anybody who thinks that Roosevelt's nomination next year is made certain by a vote of less than half of the membership of the 1928 convention "needs the services of an alienist," in the Springfield *Republican's* (Ind.) opinion. And a number of Democratic papers, including the New York *Times*, Charleston *Evening Post*, New Orleans *Item*, and Houston *Post-Dispatch*, find the poll interesting, but not much more than that.

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* says that in so many words, and adds that as far as Roosevelt is concerned, "another leader of compelling qualifications may yet arise to lead the Democrats in a year of brilliant prospects."

It won't do to assume that Roosevelt is even within striking distance of the nomination, argues the New York *World-Telegram*. This Scripps-Howard daily explains that Presidential candidates are often picked at the last minute by party leaders, and that public opinion, which is an important factor, may easily shift during the coming year. *The World-Telegram* feels that Governor Roosevelt "has probably lost rather than gained in public support during the last three months." And it continues:

"Roosevelt is in the bad position of being out in front in an early lead, which invites others to combine against him. If the combination works, Roosevelt will be able merely to deadlock the convention.

"Roosevelt and his friends would be foolish to lean much on this poll. A year is a long way to go in hard times. Many reputations may be made or broken before the 1932 convention."

And to conclude with a long-distance view from an independent observer in North Dakota, we quote this summation of the whole matter by the Fargo *Forum:*

"Governor Roosevelt has three problems ahead of him: the early start of his boom, which many politicians feel is usually a handicap; the outcome of the investigation of Tammany Administration in New York City, and the eventual attitude of Smith."

# Picking Up the Pieces in Managua

A LITTLE BROWN-SKINNED GIRL, wearing a Marine's shirt for a dress, "plucked a cheap yellow rag doll from ruins where twenty had died."

Here and there phonographs began to play lively Spanish tunes in adobe houses.

The spell of death, continues Charles J. V. Murphy in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "still hangs over the wretched, gaping ruins, and United States Marines and soldiers of the Nicaraguan *Guardia Nacional* still stand with fixt bayonets on the corners, but they are beginning to smile and chaff for the first time in six days."

Thus Managua, capital of Nicaragua, began to pick herself up from the smoking crumble of ruins left by the terrible Holy Week earthquake, and struggle back to the normal course of life.

The death toll can only be estimated—at from 1,000 to 1,200. The property damage remains a matter of guesswork, as does the effect of the calamity on plans for the Nicaraguan Canal.

But the evacuation of the city has been accomplished, and, Mr. Murphy continues, "already those who, notwithstanding fear of new calamities, strife, and hunger, have refused to move, are nosing among the rubbish, salvaging here a piece of tile, there a strip of tin, with which to make a place to live."

Water continues short in Managua, we are told by Mr. Murphy, and what is available is heavily chlorinated, burning and offending the throat, and sharpening the overwhelming thirst. Furthermore, according to this dispatch to *The Herald Tribune:*

"The bread lines still are moving and trucks still roll out to the common graves with dead, but the hysteria is going, and honest men are trying to get their feet on the earth again.

"Order and recuperation are on the way, thanks to Col. Frederic L. Bradman, commanding the Second Marine Brigade; Lieut.-Col. William C. Wise, Jr., his chief of staff; Lieut.-Col. Calvin B. Matthews, Director of the *Guardia;* Matthew E. Hanna, the American Minister, and President José Maria Moncada.

"President Moncada sits all day and night in a red-and-yellow building with walls cracked and broken as if by a shell, and strives to reassemble, piece by piece, his badly mutilated machinery of government.

"Even the doctors who fled from the hospital and let 100 patients die in the smother of stone, even the government officials who decamped and left the President and his ever-faithful aid, General Somoza, to thread their way through the maze of calamity alone, are returning, a trifle ashamed, and hoping to make up.

"If anything appears striking during these hot, listless hours, it is the quickness with which pain can be forgotten. Business men were looking forward to reopening the channels of commerce. Irving A. I. Lindberg, the High Commissioner and Collector of Customs, had opened an office in the tented city within the Campo de Marte, and was reopening his books. The British Chargé d'Affaires, Hugh W. Border, in an adjoining tent was making plans with the British business men.

"Moreover, the Government and Red Cross are paying laborers fifty cents a day for work about the city, which really is the pay to which they are most accustomed. It is hoped that this pitiful start will be the beginning of commerce. Several abandoned saw-mills will be reopened to provide timber for temporary shelters. Out of such groping efforts is coming another beginning, and it is fascinating to watch.

"According to Col. Gordon Hale, medical director of the *Guardia*, the total number of dead, as determined by an official survey, will be between 1,000 and 1,200."

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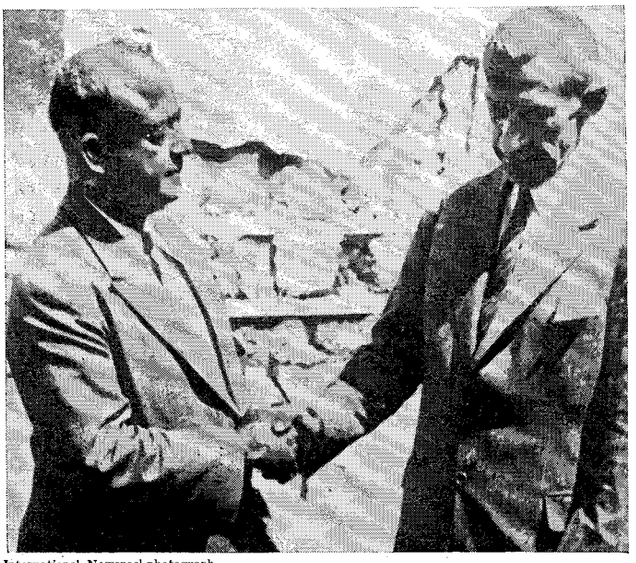
Keystone View Company photograph

The Destroyed City. An Air View of the Residential District After the Earthquake



International Newsreel photograph

"We Thank the United States"

Says President José Moncada (left) to Ambassador Hanna.

International Newsreel photograph

All That Remains of the Managua Prison

Here three hundred prisoners perished in the quake.

Pan-American Airways photograph for Acme-P. & A.

Relief Workers Searching for Bodies

International Newsreel photograph

Digging the Foundation for a New Home

GLIMPSES OF MANAGUA'S TRAGEDY

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# Fighting the Wage Slashers

HOW ABOUT THE NATION'S PAY ENVELOP? Fireworks are sputtering and flashing again over the question of maintaining, or lowering, our wage scales. President Hoover again has something to say about the problem, providing a peg upon which editors and economists are setting off their "spinning-wheels" of debate.

Wages must follow commodity prices downward before we can recover from the depression, says one school, as pointed out in our issue of March 14.

Wages must stay up, asserts the opposition, to keep our purchasing power intact and to enable us to climb out of the slough.

President Hoover appears to have touched off the present flare-up in this more-or-less familiar controversy without making a direct statement to the press. And some observers seem to find the resulting situation a little confusing. It all started when several papers printed articles along the lines of Theodore C. Wallen's Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, in which he said:

"Persons who have talked with President Hoover since his return from his Caribbean trip say that he is carrying on a struggle behind the scenes, as it were, to maintain wages at their present level in the face of a strong movement in financial circles to lower them in proportion to the decline in commodity prices.

"The President is reliably represented to have taken the stand that the next sixty days will be a critical period in the economic situation, and that the wage standard probably can be maintained substantially unimpaired if it withstands the downward pressure that long. Mr. Hoover, it is said, is using all his influence to that end in the belief that the American standard of living is involved."

Twenty-four hours after these dispatches were printed, newspaper readers were apprised of another development. As explained by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"President Hoover was described at the White House to-day as being highly pleased with the manner in which the principal industries of the country have supported him in his determination that wage scales shall be maintained during the business depression.

"The statement was in answer to reports, published in several newspapers this morning, that the President had become aware of an organized effort in certain quarters to force a reduction, and that he was carrying on a struggle 'behind the scenes' to maintain wage levels.

"Representations made on behalf of the President took no direct issue with the published statements, but merely called attention to Mr. Hoover's stand at the outset of the business decline, that wages should be maintained at American levels.

"Mr. Hoover, it was said, will continue to advocate high wage scales."

HARDLY had the first dispatches been published when the Democratic National Committee issued a statement by Representative McDuffie, Democrat, Alabama, calling on the President to identify the private institutions seeking wage cuts. "Otherwise," the statement said, "it is to be feared that the people will see in the incident the erection of a straw man to serve as the target for the Presidential spear and war club with a political rather than an economic purpose in mind."

Observers looking for hints as to the Administration's views seemed to find significance in a statement by Ethelbert Stewart, Commissioner of Labor Statistics. As quoted by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, he said:

"The leading minds in industry and everybody but a few old fossils are in favor of high wages. On the other hand, not all of the banks are able to get away from interest and dividends. That is the only thing they can see. Any talk of lowering interest rates or omitting dividends is immediately resented, and the old-time remedy of reduction of wages is proposed."

Agreeing, the American Federation of Labor says that "present advocates of wage cuts come largely from banking circles." Cuts were fewer in February, according to the Federation, "but were still a very large number"—

"In January 335 firms cut wages, affecting 43,507 workers; in February 228 firms, affecting 39,096. Cuts averaged 10.3 per cent. in February."

But "we are in a new era," says this statement—

"Mass production depends on mass buying.

"Wage-cut philosophy is out of date. The question of wage cuts is largely psychological.

"If business men expect wage cuts, and wait for them, recovery will, of course, be delayed. If executives accept the present standard and adjust accordingly, business recovery will proceed without wage reduction."

"Reliable indicators show that the business decline has already been checked," the Federation points out, and "in the fall we may look forward to the beginning of a more definite climb upward toward prosperity."

VIEWING the problem in its broader aspects, David Lawrence, Washington correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association, tells us that "an interesting difference of opinion between the Administration and industry about wage levels promises to develop into a major political problem." Most of the leaders of industry tried to maintain wages, as requested by the President at his 1929 conference, but now, "in the face of pressure from stockholders for a creditable showing, and with markets declining, most companies feel confronted with the necessity of making economies on pay-rolls."

To Mr. Lawrence, "it is a question how far the Government's influence, exercised by the President, will counteract the quiet but steady movement on the part of industry to attain lower wage levels."

An apparent majority of papers commenting on the present situation hold that a general wage-cutting movement would be disastrous.

"Reports of an organized movement to reduce wage scales in industry, now that prices have fallen, are discounted by Mr. Hoover's denial that he knows of any such conspiracy," says the New York *Herald Tribune*. "But, whether they are based on fact or merely on suspicion, it can do no harm at this time to reemphasize the doctrine that high wages far more than swollen profits are the foundation of modern prosperity." And the Washington *Post* adds that "American business genius will not share the greed of bankers who would crush labor for the sake of dividends"

"Obviously," asserts the Troy *Times*, "wage reduction would be a stunning blow to revival of prosperity." To the New York *World-Telegram*—

"If President Hoover can persuade short-sighted employers and bankers to stop these suicidal wage cuts, it will be a great achievement."

BUT can the President do this? A number of papers think not. "He can only express the hope, which all good citizens have, that employers will proceed with sense of responsibility and sense of direction," asserts the Louisville *Times*. "That they will, in a large majority of cases, do, regardless of the President."

Few papers, it seems, argue for wage slashes; but some point out, with the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, that—

"The labor supply is large, the demand for it is small, and the price declines, just as the price of anything else declines under analogous circumstances. . . . Hitherto, corporation executives have maintained not only wages but dividends; now dividends are going down, and the stockholders are dissatisfied. It is an unusual executive who at such a time does not do every practical thing to trim his labor costs."

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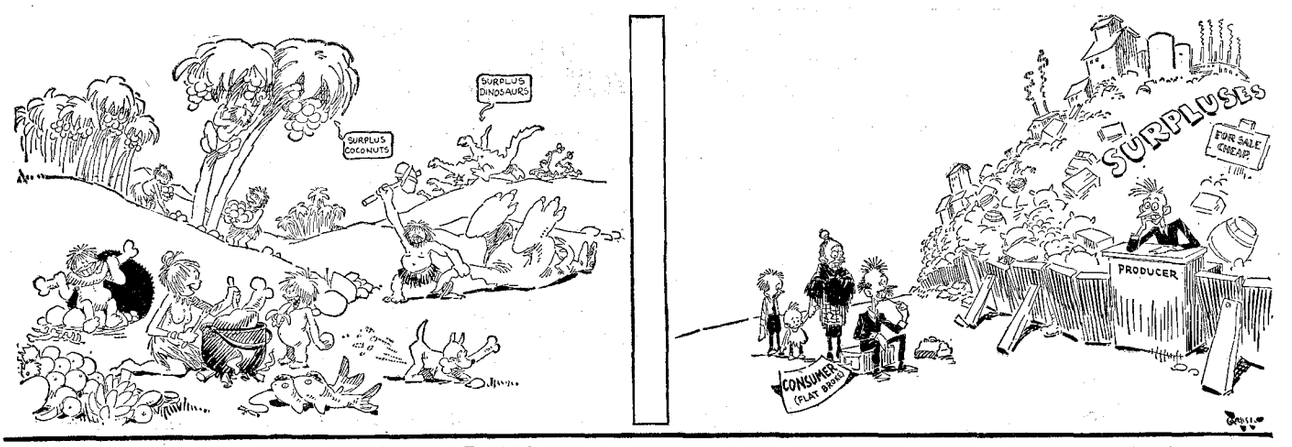


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It Seems Funny, but We Didn't Use to Have Any Trouble Disposing of Surpluses

—Carlisle in the New York "Herald Tribune."

# TOPICS IN BRIEF

A DOCTOR is the only man who can suffer from good health. —*Louisville Times.*

WE do not know what this country is coming to, but we hope it's coming to.—*Weston Leader.*

THE world seems fairly safe for democracy, except at a democratic meeting.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

THE buying power of the dollar never is as highly developed as its good-byeing power.—*Ohio State Journal.*

GOVERNOR ROSS, of Idaho, has just made a six-months-old baby a colonel. Presumably in the infantry.—*Dallas News.*

EVERY time the dry Democrats think of Raskob and funds for the next campaign the accent is on the last syllable.—*Wichita Eagle.*

ANOTHER difference between death and taxes is that death doesn't get worse every time the Legislature meets.—*Akron Beacon-Journal.*

PHYSICAL-CULTURE classes, we read, are now held in American prisons. The prisoners, however, are not allowed to skip.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE wealth of the average American has been placed at $2,977, indicating that quite a few average Americans have been short-changed.—*Miami News.*

OUR idea of a fearless editorial is one we saw in a paper from Northern China advocating prompt and drastic suppression of the bandits in Chicago.—*Boston Herald.*

A SCIENTIST says that some kinds of bacteria split every thirty minutes, establishing a record which even the Democratic party can not hope to equal.—*Springfield Union.*

A CORRESPONDENT in a woman's paper declares that her baby wriggles out of everything. A successful career as a politician seems to be indicated.—*The Humorist.*

"THE trouble with people to-day," says Mrs. Thomas Edison, "is that people demand too much luxury." Yes, and another trouble is that we don't get it.—*New York Evening Post.*

IT'S also mildly funny that a man can get quite a bit of fun laughing at his passport picture without realizing that it looks exactly the way his friends think he looks.—*Boston Herald.*

A POPULAR novelist says that while lying awake at night, he has several times hit upon an idea that has resulted in a full-length novel. Insomnia can be a terrible thing.—*The Humorist.*

"THE so-called healthy yawn may be laden with millions of germs for others in the room. A hearty laugh may launch an epidemic," says a health authority. The old-time infectious laugh.—*Detroit News.*

RICHES have wings, but poverty won't get them until the hereafter.—*Louisville Times.*

THE abolition of U turns in Washington will certainly go hard on politicians.—*Washington Post.*

SOMEWHERE on a corner in a big city stands the future head of the apple trust.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

"WOMEN Lawyers Multiplying." In preparation, no doubt, for subtracting and dividing.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THERE'S no unemployment in Soviet Russia"—and neither is there any in the Army or the penitentiary.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE newspapers recently have been airing the troubles of European royalty from A to Z—Alfonso to Zog.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE independent class is the one that doesn't have any breakfast if the dependent class doesn't show up to cook it.—*Medford Mail-Tribune.*

A JUDGE remarked last week that a wise husband never forgets his wife's birthday. He merely forgets which one it is.—*The Humorist.*

NEVADA is consistent, anyway. Having enabled people to marry early and often, it legalized all forms of gambling.—*New York Telegram.*

ANCIENT Egyptian pottery recently dug up was found to be unbroken. The servant shortage must be older than we thought. —*The Humorist.*

A PRAGUE professor thinks that despite opposition English will become the world language. America will be the last country to give in.—*Passing Show (London).*

REMEMBERING last summer as vividly as we do, we think Sir Hubert Wilkins's idea of sneaking under all the ice in the Arctic Ocean is a pretty blamed sane idea.—*Nashville Banner.*

TIMBER-CUTTERS in Russia are not compelled to work. They are taken out into the Arctic forest and offered a choice between cutting wood and playing the piano.—*New York Times.*

SCIENTISTS say that radio waves which reach the moon are thrown back to earth. We consider this positive proof of the existence of intelligence on the moon.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

Now that Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis have staged the first honest fight New York has seen in years, Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling may take to writing novels.—*San Diego Union.*

FISH, we glean from a wild-life note, have ears or something very like them, and, good grief, what a vocabulary the ones who got away would have if they could only repeat what they heard!—*Boston Herald.*

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# FOREIGN COMMENT

## Soviet Lamentations Over American Distress

UNCLE SAM IS A LOST MAN.

He is a hopeless case, both in business and politics. That is the cheerful news we find in the Soviet newspapers, which are busy explaining to their home folks that America is down and out. They draw the moral that non-Bolshevik countries are doomed to perdition because of the capitalist state of decay in which they live.

Yet, they add with a touch of kindness, we may be saved on one condition: namely, that Russian Communists transform the United States into a Sovietized country.

On the other hand, anti-Soviet critics claim that the Soviet Government is trying to make its subjects forget the terrible misery in which they are living by painting fantastic pictures of the greater poverty and privation prevailing in the capitalist countries of the world. They assert that Soviet editors "try to console the man who is sick by telling him the story about another man who is dying."

Hopeless Hunt of the New Diogenes

"Uncle Sam in his frantic search for customers."
—"Il '420'" (Florence).

IF you wish to know what the New York correspondent of *Pravda*, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, is telling people about conditions in the United States, read this:

"More than 10,000,000 workers are walking the streets of American cities in search of work. Most of the American unemployed have literally no means of existence. They even do not receive the wretched doles which the unemployed get in some of the European countries.

"If you add to this figure the families of the unemployed, you will see that about 30,000,000 people are literally dying of hunger in the United States. Such is the situation in the country of 'capitalistic prosperity'—in the country of President Hoover, of Henry Ford, Dawes, and Young!

"During this past winter, conditions have become much worse. Hundreds of thousands of families were thrown out into the streets, in bitter cold, for failing to pay their rent. Enormous numbers of unemployed are standing in bread lines waiting for bread. A wave of suicide has passed over the country."

THAT is how American cities appear to this *Pravda* correspondent, who adds that American farmers are perhaps in a still more terrible position. Millions of them, he says, live in misery. A great many of them "are literally starving to death—and hundreds of thousands of them are ill with pellagra, the disease of famine-sufferers."

But further on this informant tells us still more wonderful things. He gravely relates that America seethes with revolution:

"The fighting spirit of the masses against starvation is fast flaring up. Simultaneously, the influence of the American Communist party and of the revolutionary labor unions is growing.

"Since the end of December and the first half of January, a new unrest has appeared—the 'hunger campaigns' waged by the unemployed demanding pensions from the authorities. From New York to California and from Minnesota to Louisiana, in twenty-odd cities, 'hunger campaigns' have been waged in which more than 80,000 workers have participated. These campaigns were organized by the Soviets of the unemployed, and they proceeded under the leadership of Communists.

"The capitalists are struggling against this movement of the unemployed, on the one hand by shameless demagogical methods and, on the other, by absolutely unprecedented acts of violence directed against the vanguard of the working class.

"The imprisonment, the beating up and torture of proletarians, and the deportation of dozens of thousands of foreign-born workmen have become every-day occurrences. In Los Angeles, California, in New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other cities, the police raid the quarters of Communist organizations, smashing typewriters, desks, and other furniture.

"Meanwhile, the House of Representatives Commission of Congressman Hamilton Fish, which carried on the 'investigation' of Communist activities, insists that the Congress should outlaw the Communist party, that all American Communists should be thrown into prison, and that all the foreign-born ones be deported."

*Pravda* publishes also a letter from an "American workman," whose name is not given, and who sums up the situation in America in the following picturesque terms:

"The imperialists realize that their end is near. They understand that they have nothing to offer to their workers but misery, privations, and war. And they act like a sick dog which turns mad before dying."

IN the same Moscow daily, D. Zaslavsky, a Communistic journalist of note, asserts that while the Soviet Union has introduced the universal education of all children, in America a large part of the population is still illiterate. He writes:

"When, in enlightened America, the colored people still were officially slaves—for now they are slaves unofficially—the teaching of reading and writing to a Negro slave was punishable by jail for the teacher and by whipping for the pupil. The masters did not permit the slaves to receive an education.

"In our days, seventy years after the Civil War, the colored slaves of the American planters still remain in ignorance, and the capitalists are doing their best to continue to keep them in ignorance.

"Of course, the colored citizens of the United States are legally permitted to enter even the universities, yet the essence of a bourgeois 'freedom' is such that it is only the children of the wealthy Negroes who actually get into colleges, while the children of the poor Negro parents can not get beyond public schools. Besides, at the present time, a great many schools in the Southern States are empty. The 'free' children of the 'free' citizens are dying of starvation, and they naturally can not attend school.

"Yet, it must be said in all fairness that the white citizens of the United States, who now exercise their 'freedom' by begging and asking alms in the streets of New York because their white 'brothers' have thrown them out of factories and plants where they had been working, are not in a very much better position than colored citizens, these official ex-slaves.



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# What Has Gandhi Cost Britain?

THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE done to British financial and economic interests by the Gandhi civil disobedience campaign is now being estimated by the press in India.

British officials and British editors seek to minimize the harm done, it would seem. But, on the other hand, Indian publicists apparently magnify it.

The Indians claim they can prove by figures issued by the Government of India itself, that since the beginning of the Gandhi movement, in April, 1930, British imports to India declined far more sharply than non-British imports. For instance, Dr. A. Sinha declares in the Calcutta *Modern Review* that during the last nine months of 1926, Britain's share of India's import trade was nearly half—or 48.5 per cent. But four years later, during April to December, 1930 (nine months), it had dropt to less than two-fifths—or 38.5 per cent.

Dr. Sinha adds, as if in triumph, that this drop can not be explained on the basis of "external causes, such as fall in commodity prices," for such a fall affects "all countries equally," and—

"They can not bring about any change in the percentage share quoted above. The undoubted acute economic depression in India at the present time must be similarly ruled out.

"The real reason must be looked for rather in the present political movement in India, which seeks to replace British goods by non-British goods, when indigenous substitutes are not forthcoming."

No Health Resort for Him

King Zog of Albania, who went to Vienna for medical treatment, narrowly escaped the major operation of political assassins.

THIS Indian economist quotes official figures to show that the English cotton industry is only one of the English industries hit by the Gandhi movement. Import of "cigarets, which is practically a monopoly of the United Kingdom," has shown even a greater shrinkage. There has, in fact, "been a sensational fall."

Now for an authoritative British view of the matter.

An Englishman said to be close to the heads of the British Indian administration, namely, the financial editor of *The Statesman* (Delhi and Calcutta), quotes Sir George Schuster, the finance member of the Government as claiming:

"So far as the total volume of India's external trade is concerned, the main course of events has been determined by world economic conditions; exports have kept up in volume; the total imports have not declined to a degree appreciably out of proportion to the drop in the value of exports."

THIS is the same as saying that whatever harm befell Indian trade proceeded from the world-wide depression and not from the Gandhi movement. But according to the same British writer, the Minister of Finance had to admit that certain imports, largely from Britain, such as cotton piece-goods and cigarets and internal trade, had registered a specially heavy drop. To quote him:

"Certain classes of imports, like cigarets and cotton piece-goods, have shown major variations from the normal, and internal trade has suffered disastrously as a result of the political disturbances.

"That internal trade has been adversely affected is borne out by the universal deficits in the provincial budgets, the decreased railway earnings, and acute hardship among all classes of *mofussil* (rural) traders."

# Albania's Bloody Balance-Sheet

KING AHMED ZOG of Albania was "put on the spot" as he left the opera in Vienna one chilly night.

But the bullets missed their mark; and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Topolaj, fell instead.

The two men who fired these shots were not gangsters trained in Chicago's school of crime. They were Albanian patriots. Zog, they told the Viennese police, had dragged their country into ruin and sold its freedom.

These two gunmen were partizans of Fan Noli, former chief of the little country of less than a million inhabitants, whose government had been upset by the Moslem adventurer, Ahmed Zog, who had himself crowned king.

Yet as we read a survey of the Albanian vendetta, published by the well-informed monthly *Correspondance d'Orient* of Paris, it would seem to be merely a gang war in the Graustarkian setting of the Balkan peninsula. The methods were low, but the motives high. The *Correspondance* reports:

"This crime is by no means the only one which in recent years has illustrated the war of factions which have fought for power in Albania.

"We need only recall the tragic death of Essad Pasha, assassinated in Paris by one of his compatriots, Aveni Roustemi.

"The latter, returning to Albania, where he was acclaimed as a hero, found a way to get himself elected to the Albanian Chamber as one of the members of Fan Noli's party.

"King Zog had already been the object of an assassin's attempt. His assailant was Bekir Walter, for whose education he had been paying. Wounded in the hand, Zog in that incident displayed great sang-froid.

"The assassin of Essad Pasha, Aveni Roustemi, implicated in this plot, was himself eventually assassinated at Tirana.

"Another prominent member of Fan Noli's party, Luigi Gouracouki, was assassinated in Italy.

"Tsena Bey Kriezis, brother-in-law of King Zog, named as Albanian Minister to Czecho-Slovakia, was assassinated in Prague by the student, Alcibiades Bedi. The latter, in his turn, was killed while he was on trial in Prague, in the very court-room itself, by one of the former guards of his victim.

"This guard, returning to Serbia, of which country he was a native, managed to kill the two gendarmes in the train, and to escape mysteriously.

"Moreover, it is recounted that the assassination of Tsena Bey had been committed at the instigation of one of the most prominent of Albanian chiefs, the former father-in-law of King Zog. This chief had managed to elude two attempts on his life.

"Finally, two years ago in Athens, an attempt was directed toward a former Albanian Minister, Cotso Tassi.

"And the bloody balance-sheet of the Albanian vendetta is certainly not yet complete."

MEANWHILE, from the Jugo-Slav border down to the Adriatic Sea, writes a Rome correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Albanians in all walks of life are discussing King Zog's illness, for the treatment of which he went to Vienna. This informant goes on:

"Foreigners who have lived in Albania many years believe the King's death might cause another revolution, which would prevent his nephew from succeeding to the throne.

"Albania has been comparatively quiet since 1924, when Ahmed Zog overthrew the Fan Noli régime. With Italy's backing he proclaimed himself King two years ago, taking the name of Zog I. Prior to the overturn Albania had for nearly four years been the scene of one revolution after another."

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# Red Aggression in Mongolia

EAST AND WEST for some three thousand miles runs China's northwestern frontier, strikingly similar in length and latitude to that imaginary line which divides the United States and Canada.

Yet if China fails to stem the tide of Soviet aggression, Albert M. Guptill warns the Kuomintang government, the Russians will invade China to the line of the Great Wall, some 800 miles south of the present Chinese-Siberian border.

The great inland empire which comprises Outer and Inner Mongolia would be lost.

The gravity of the situation requires immediate action, asserts Mr. Guptill in a Chinese English-language weekly, *The Chinese Nation* of Shanghai:

"Soviet Russia, while rendering China lip service on the one hand, has taken advantage of the unsettled condition in China proper, together with the profound ignorance not only of the Western world but of the bulk of the Chinese people themselves of China's Mongolian problem, practically to annex Outer Mongolia to the Soviet Union.

"Even now it is reported to be laying plans for the immediate occupation of Inner Mongolia as well, thereby robbing China of the bulk of her Central Asiatic possessions.

"Once Mongolia is entirely in Soviet hands, the far-western province of Sinkiang, Chinese Turkestan, will fall as a matter of course."

Where the Soviet Torrent Threatens China

Unless China stops the encroachment of Soviet Russia on Mongolia, it is said, the Russians will invade China to the line of the Great Wall, 800 miles south of the Chinese-Siberian border. Outer Mongolia is already practically annexed to the Soviet Union, it is reported. Plans are under way for occupation of Inner Mongolia. When both are in Soviet hands, Sinkiang, Chinese Turkestan, will "fall as a matter of course."

CHINA'S northwestern frontier problem and her Mongolian problem are one and the same, in the opinion of this authority. The last eight years in Outer Mongolia, Mr. Guptill claims, have been bloody, dramatic, and significant. They should be familiar to every one interested in China's future; but this contributor to *The Chinese Nation* claims they have been ignored both by the Chinese press and by Chinese statesmen:

"In present-day official Chinese circles there seems still to be a heritage from Anfu days of a tendency to veil Central Asia with mystery and deliberate falsehood, to spread the theory that the Mongols are Chinese, that their language and customs are Chinese, and, in fact, to convey the impression that the Mongolian problem is a matter purely Chinese.

"As a matter of plain fact what China faces in her Mongolian problem is, could one disregard the Russian factor in the equation, exactly the problem which faced the American and Canadian settlers in their relations with the Red Indians of North America.

"But with the Russian problem in Mongolia so inextricably entangled in the skein of Chino-Mongolian relations, China's far-western riddle is immeasurably more difficult than that which confronted the American and Canadian governments when their settlers came into contact with the Indians, who are probably first cousins, if not blood brothers, as there is much evidence to prove, of the Mongol herdsmen on China's northwestern frontier."

Outer Mongolia has already fallen first to the encroachments of Czarist Russia, and now of the Soviet Union. The Russians still aim to establish a warm port on the Pacific. Mr. Guptill asserts that the Mongol Army has been reorganized into a formidable force under Soviet officers. "Soviet Russia has no idea of allowing the resources and commerce of Mongolia to revert to Chinese hands." In fact:

"During the past winter the disregard shown by the Soviets for the boundary between Outer Mongolia and Inner Mongolia, which is still nominally under Chinese control, has been demonstrated time and again.

"Even at this writing there are reported to be daily raids by bands of Russian-officered Mongol troops from Inner Mongolia into North Manchuria.

"Reports too well founded to be lightly disregarded are current in North China to the effect that a Soviet move toward the occupation of Inner Mongolia is impending.

"In the light of Soviet policy toward Middle Asia, of Soviet ambitions to Bolshevize everything from the Arctic circle to the Indian Ocean, and with Soviet encroachments upon Afghanistan, and Soviet gestures toward Chinese Turkestan to reflect upon, one can not but believe that the ultimate conquest and amalgamation of all Mongolia into the Soviet Union is part and parcel of Russian policy in this part of the world."

## Murder in France

THE murderous activities of American gangsters are constantly shocking the attention of the French press. Yet altho nothing in Europe, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, can compare with "the transatlantic scale of murder," present statistics show that the French people are wilfully killing each other "at the approximate rate of 75 each month, or 2.5 each day." These figures are taken from the daily press over a period of three months, we are told, and may be incomplete. But most of the murderers are caught, and this informant is careful to point out that "organized murder is unknown in France." We read then:

"The international currency of the words *crime passionel* fathers upon France the leadership in crimes of this sort. Yet the statistics tell a very different tale. In the compiling of the figures, various details called for attention: motive, the sex of the victim, and the aggressor, the locality, the relationship, if any, between the principals, and the weapon used. From these figures it can be said that by far the largest number of murders was due to quarrels not arising out of jealousy; that more than half of these quarrels were family affairs; and that three-quarters of the quarrels were over money matters.

"The figures speak for themselves. In only 12 per cent. of the total was jealousy established as a motive. Approximately 7 per cent. were due to robbery; over 70 per cent. were the consequences of quarrels, and of this proportion most were over *questions d'interet*. The remaining crimes were from such miscellaneous motives as despair, revenge, and the disposal of illegitimate children. Foreigners contributed their share, notably Italians and Poles, but by far the greater number of murders were committed by French people."

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# Animal Talkies

AN ALL-STAR CAST OF ANIMALS and reptiles has just completed a series of "talking" pictures under the watchful care of Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Bronx Zoo in New York City.

The voice of the rattlesnake, the roar of the lion, the trumpet of the elephant, the bellowings of the giant tortoise, the grunt of the hippo, the hiss of the cobra—have been secured through a variety of ingenious stratagems and despite often dangerous obstacles.

Says a writer in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago):

"With the increasing perfection of sound and reproducing equipment has come a growing number of attempts to record the authentic enunciations of animals—a most difficult task, in the face of their customary reluctance to vociferate.

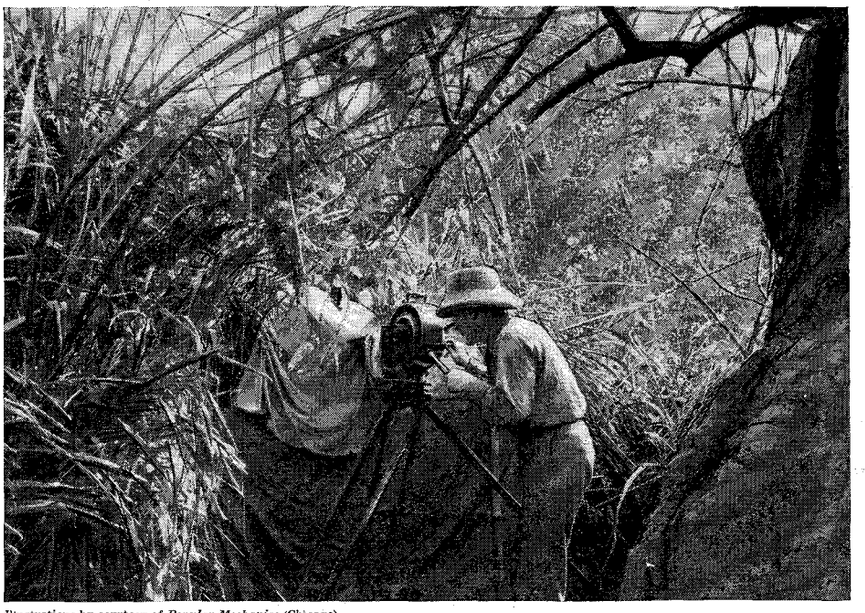
"Yet, not only in zoos but in the jungles of Africa, India, and South America, beasts are 'talking' before hidden microphones. The Martin Johnsons, the members of the Matto-Grosso expedition, and other explorers, scientists and sportsmen, are now engaged in making talkies of ungentle, uncaged animals in their natural environments.

"The first to make these sound pictures of jungle beasts, Commander George M. Dyott, returned some months ago from an exploration in little-traveled regions of northern India, where he succeeded in making pictures of barking deer, screeching peacocks, growling Himalayan bears, whistling birds, wild pigs, langur monkeys, and sundry jungle fowl.

"He concentrated, however, on carnivorous tigers, leopards, and elephants. Commander Dyott's new expedition to the hazardous Xingu River country in Brazil will have two airplanes and wireless equipment, in seeking to secure talking pictures of other jungle animals.

"To make a tiger talk will often take weeks of preparation. The beast must be forestalled, and awaited with all the mechanism carefully set up and cleverly screened from view.

"Fifteen feet or more from the tigers, screened behind a grass framework made to resemble a part of the jungle, cameraman, sound man, and director dare not move an eyelid. It is only because of the tiger's poor sense of smell that they can thus remain undetected."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

"The Cameraman Dare Not Move an Eyelid"

"Fifteen feet or more from the tigers, screened behind a grass framework, cameraman, sound man and director dare not move an eyelid. It is only because of the tiger's poor sense of smell that they can thus remain undetected."

BECAUSE of the difficulties and hazards to be overcome before an animal can be made to talk, Commander Dyott spent more than four months in getting only a thousand feet of film. Great difficulty is encountered in reproducing the low-frequency sounds of guttural bass noises—the tiger's roar, for instance—on the screen unless there is special amplification for this purpose.

"Besides, no animal can be made to talk by artificial means. The only sounds animals make aim to demoralize adversaries and to call their mates. It is no wonder, then, that even in the zoo the curator found it impossible to record the voices of the wolf, the alligator, and the peacock.

"Doctor Ditmars's device for forcing the tiger's or lion's roar is remarkably simple. A large meaty bone, to which a long wire is attached, is thrown to the beast. In the midst of its enjoyment of the meal it is suddenly yanked out of its mouth. The subsequent tremendous roar of anger is caught by the hidden microphone and synchronized with the picture.

"The elephant speaks either in little squealing sounds or loud trumpets when it is excited. With the captive elephant, the mike is placed in a pail, and the animal puts its trunk down into it, talking back to the keeper who addresses it.

Jerk a Bone Away from Him

Then he will roar!

"In order to get the buzz of the tropical viper, the recording instrument was placed within two feet of its vibrating, quivering, rattling tail. Doctor Ditmars and his assistants had several narrow escapes from the lunging snake. Similar danger was ever present in the recording of the loud, sharp hiss of the cobra in a fight with a mongoos.

"To persuade the tree-toad, which has a two-inch throat, to sing for the talkies, every known artifice was tried in vain. Finally, four men started to file on pieces of brass, producing an ear-piercing racket.

"It proved irresistible.

"When the tree-toad's throat began to swell, the men stopt filing, and the shrill, deafening song of the toad was successfully recorded.

"About fifty varieties of monkeys were photographed by Doctor Ditmars, who found the marmoset, which has a voice like a bird, the star of the lot. The curator merely lures his monkeys with food and talks to them. They jabber back.

"The easiest voice to record is the sea-lion's. It will bark whenever it is hungry, and do it unabashed close to the microphone. The giant tortoise of the Galapagos islands will bellow at a certain time of the day. It is also easy to get a close-up of a hippopotamus, which makes a sound naturally about once a week—a mere grunt. Bears, normally dignified and reticent, will get noisy when a battle among them is instigated."

MOST animals, however, have stage fright, and as a rule the sight of a camera is sufficient to make most animals refuse



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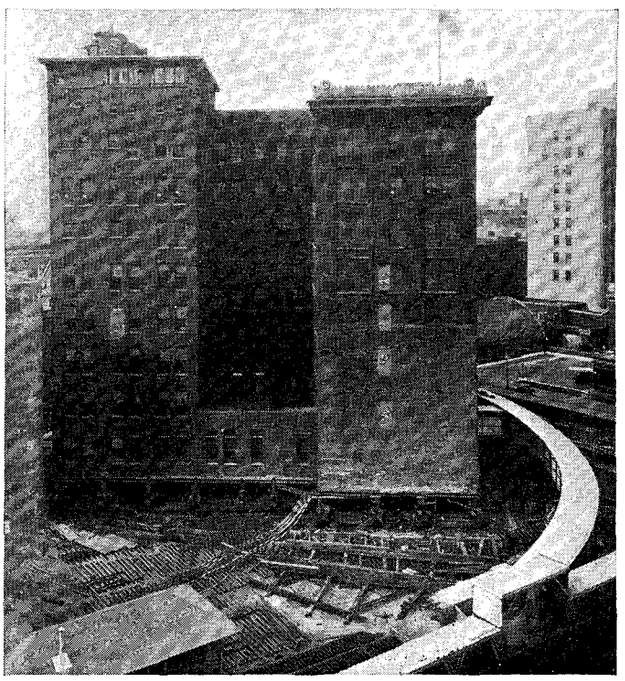
to talk. Many months were spent in vain in the Bronx Zoo trying to get wolves to howl. To quote further:

"The most successful sound picture taken was that of a chorus of katydids. These tree-top songsters, a couple of inches long, produce the greatest volume of sound in relation to their weight of any insect or animal. Its voice will carry for half a mile, yet it is so timid that it stops singing when some one approaches."

## Moving an Eight-Story Building

THE eight-story, 11,000-ton general office building of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company at Indianapolis has just completed an unusual journey.

After other buildings on the property were wrecked, the structure was placed on rollers, moved to the rear of the property, and



Courtesy of *The Transmitter* (Washington, D. C.)

On Its Way

When this picture was made, the building was about half-way around on the second stage of its journey. At the right is the curved walk-way and drawbridge entrance to the building. This drawbridge traveled along with the building, making entrance and exit possible at every stage of the trip. In the foreground may be seen the telephone cables entering the building.

turned 90 degrees to clear a space 100 by 200 feet upon which a new telephone building will be erected. Says *The Transmitter* (Washington):

"The move was made in two stages, the first being a 'push' of fifty-two feet directly south. The final move necessitated the turning of the structure 90 degrees, and placing it on its new footings.

"A remarkable feature of the project was that all activities in the building went on as usual during the move.

"Elevators were running; gas, steam heat, water, electric power, and sewage facilities were maintained by flexible connections—and long-distance telephone circuits operated with no interruption of service. Before the move, cablemen pulled into place seven submarine-type cables and spliced them to all lines entering the building. Each of the new cables contained more than 200 feet of slack—enough to allow for the building move. The submarine cables were used because of their heavy armor, which protected 542 vital long-distance telephone circuits.

"If any one expected a thrill, he did not get it by taking a ride in the telephone building.

"There was no indication to more than 600 employees in the building that it was moving."

## Aviation's "Missing Link"

THIS TITLE IS BESTOWED on the autogiro, the vertically rising and landing plane, by David S. Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for aeronautics.

And a few days ago Senator Hiram Bingham, President of the National Aeronautic Association, announced that the Collier Trophy award for 1930 had been made to "Harold F. Pitcairn and his associates for their development and application of the autogiro and the demonstration of its possibilities with a view to its use for safe aerial transport."

Secretary Ingalls believes that this device will bring to aviation the safety that must be assured before it can have the absolute confidence of the general public.

The machine, in a practical and inexpensive form, will soon be on the market, he says. We read in the New York *Times:*

"Secretary Ingalls, in a radio address to his 'fellow-folk of Ohio,' declared that while Ohio was the mother of aviation, it remained for a Spaniard to supply the missing link. He referred to Juan de la Cierva, inventor of the autogiro, the plane with revolving wings that lifts itself almost vertically from the ground.

"The autogiro was described by Mr. Ingalls as 'a backyard flying machine.'

"Perhaps in a few months, Mr. Ingalls said, it would be known whether man had solved the safety problem of flying, since the Pitcairn Company, which has the rights in this country to manufacture autogiros, is soon to place on the market 'a small, light, two-place model at a figure that will compare favorably with that of the average light two-place airplane.'

"Emphasizing the importance of safety in flying, Mr. Ingalls pointed out that in the twenty-eighth year of aviation there are in the United States only 10,000 commercial licensed airplanes, as compared with 12,000,000 cars in the twenty-eighth year of the automobile.

"Mr. Ingalls declared that the ability of the revolving wing plane to land in small areas, impossible for other type aircraft, was its principal feature. He admitted that it is slower than the conventional type airplane, but said that it had demonstrated superior safety in landing and leaving the ground. Particularly in the populous East, he said, this new flying machine will prove its worth, for it could be landed in an area sixty or seventy feet long, and just wide enough to clear the wings.

"The thorough manner in which the American builders of the autogiro have proceeded in perfecting the new craft, Mr. Ingalls declared, has kept the autogiro from the public market. This fact has also entered into the cost of the machine, but he said that production methods would be changed, and he believed the price would soon be comparable to that of other types.

"One of the first of the new machines to be used in military service was recently purchased by the Navy Department. It will be tested aboard ships at sea and on small fields. Navy Department officials said that the autogiro could be used effectively in such territory as that found by the Marine Corps in Nicaragua."

MR. PITCAIRN brought the first autogiro to the United States in 1928, says a bulletin of the National Aeronautic Association. He had been interested in this new-type machine since its invention in Spain by Juan de la Cierva. At Madrid, in 1925, he witnessed his first autogiro flight, and became convinced that it could be of real value to the American citizen. Further:

"Cross-country flights started soon after the first machine was brought to the United States. Its first long-distance trip was from Pitcairn Field near Philadelphia to Langley Field, Virginia, on the occasion of the 1929 Annual Conference of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Mr. Pitcairn was at the controls. Last August two American-built machines of an advanced type flew to the 1930 National Air Races at Chicago, making the seven-hundred-mile air journey in less than seven hours' flying time. In January of this year a 300 horse-power model was flown from Philadelphia to the All-American Air Races at Miami, Florida—a fifteen-hundred-mile trip under unusually severe weather conditions. New York has been visited a number of times by autogiros, as have many other cities along the Atlantic seaboard, and on these trips many pilots have successfully flown them without special training."

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# Pointers for Those Who Build

## (1) Home Cellars and Foundations

ON THE MORNING AFTER the Brownes' housewarming, the guests were still talking about the cellar billiard-room.

"It's the smart idea to make the cellar another room of the home," we may imagine a guest, Henry Thorp, remarking at his breakfast table.

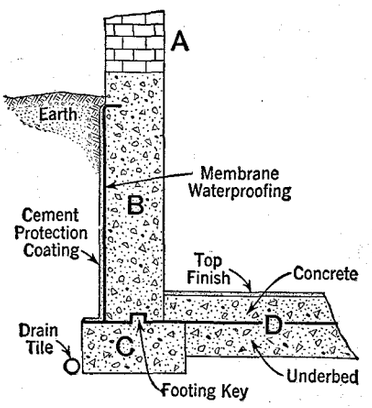
"Of course," he added, "you have to have water-tight walls and one of these clean heating devices to make it possible."

"Can it be done in an old house?" asked Mrs. Thorp.

"Why, certainly," replied her husband.

"Then, Henry, I want you to have ours transformed from a storage catch-all to a nice playroom for the children."

Indeed, with the installation of dustless heating appliances, "the picture presents almost infinite possibilities," writes James Edmund Boyack in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. "The cellar may now be made into a billiard-room, a home gymnasium, a workshop, drying-room for laundry, or an extra living-room. . . . With the arrival of short wintry days, the porch furniture becomes the Chesterfield suite of the 'new room down-stairs,' giving year-round service instead of being stored away."




Typical Residence Foundation

(A) Superstructure, (B) Foundation Wall, (C) Footing, (D) Basement Foundation.

Nor is "the demand for modernized basements a fad," says *Domestic Engineering*. "It will be a permanent feature in the home. . . . The modernized cellar provides about 20 per cent. more household space. . . . It puts 'eye appeal' in a section of the home that has always been an eyesore. . . . Cellar modernization adds approximately 20 per cent. to the value of a home—paying for itself right here. . . . A clean, attractive, livable cellar is a novelty, and delights the housewife. . . ."

Naturally this modern trend is possible only through dry, well-built foundations. In fact, as F. M. Slater emphasizes in *American Builder and Building Age:*

"Too much emphasis can not be laid on the advisability of putting down a good foundation. . . . In building your own house or for speculation, let your foundation be one point where you do not skimp."

WHAT, then, are some considerations of construction? Turning to the New International Encyclopedia, we read:

"The footings are the lower courses of the foundation, which are offset to give greater bearing area. The importance of correctly designing the foundation and proportioning the area of the foundation bed is evident, for on them does the integrity of the structure depend.

"In the design and construction, the following principles should be observed:

"1. The action of frost and the percolation of water should be prevented by starting the footings below frost line on a stratum free from seepage; or, if the latter is not feasible, a system of drains may be used to divert the flow of water.

"2. The materials of construction should be proof against deteriorating influences or made so by some protective covering.

"3. The foundation bed should be at right-angles, or nearly so, to the line of pressure. If the stratum to be built on is inclined, it is not necessary to level off the whole area, the same effect being produced at less cost by cutting a series of rough steps.

"4. The unit load on the foundation bed must not exceed the safe supporting, or 'bearing,' value of that material."

And now a word about materials. In the same encyclopedia we read that:

"The Egyptians' finest construction was that of the fourth dynasty, their work deteriorating after that time. In general, their foundations consisted of a foundation of stone or of sun-dried bricks started a few feet below the ground surface. This was also the usual construction of the Assyrians and Babylonians, but both of these nations used great quantities of baked bricks laid in a mortar made from bitumen.

"To-day concrete, stone, and brick are commonly used. 'Concrete foundations and basement walls are of two types: those made of concrete cast in place and those built of precast units. The latter type, known as concrete masonry construction, often is less expensive than solid concrete, which requires the use of forms during construction,' says the Portland Cement Association's booklet, 'Foundation Walls and Basements of Concrete.'"

QUOTING again from *American Builder and Building Age*, we are given this additional interesting information:

"Waterproofing concrete makes it less liable to damage by frost, etc., and one of the best ways of doing this, when not using a prepared waterproofing, is to have enough cement in the mix to fill all the voids in the sand.

"In a great many instances it is considered desirable, just before the building is occupied, to give the interior of the foundation walls a more finished appearance than they usually have. This may be done in one of several ways; a prepared wall paint is probably the easiest to apply, and will give very satisfactory results.

"The finished basement floor should be pitched to drains in order to make certain that any water which may come from a broken or leaky pipe will not stand on the floor.

"It is always good practise to use a floor hardener on the basement floor, as this prevents any disintegration of the cement surface that may be caused by traffic or excessive sweeping."

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### Gray Hair and Thyroid Gland

PREMATURE gray hair and baldness may be due to abnormality of the thyroid gland.

The following case is abstracted from the *Tribune Medicale* (Paris) by *The Medical Herald* (Kansas City, Mo.). It is described as follows:

"At a recent meeting of the Medical Society of the Paris Hospitals, Drs. Sézary and Paul Lefèvre presented a patient who, last December, had suffered a serious loss of hair over almost the entire body; namely, on the head, eyebrows, mustache, beard, and limbs.

"The remaining hair turned entirely white. At the same time, the patient complained of intense debility accompanied by bulging eyes, nervousness, tremor, and palpitation. Despite the absence of goiter, the diagnosis of hyperthyroidism was made and confirmed by the determination of the basal metabolic rate.

"The observations of Zavadowski and of Sainton established a causal relation between the change in the growth of hair and hyperthyroidism. After the thyroid gland had been subjected to radiotherapy, the loss of hair and the whiteness were rapidly corrected, and at the same time the basal metabolic rate was restored to normal.

"The hair regained its pigment in about two weeks, the color beginning at the roots and progressing to the ends. Evidently the discoloration and recoloration of the hair are independent of its growth. Indeed, they proceed more rapidly.

"This observation shows that, contrary to general opinion, white hair in instances of this kind can be corrected under the influence of causal therapy.

"Consequently it is possible, in cases in which the whitening of the hair is not physiological, to restore its pigment without dyeing."

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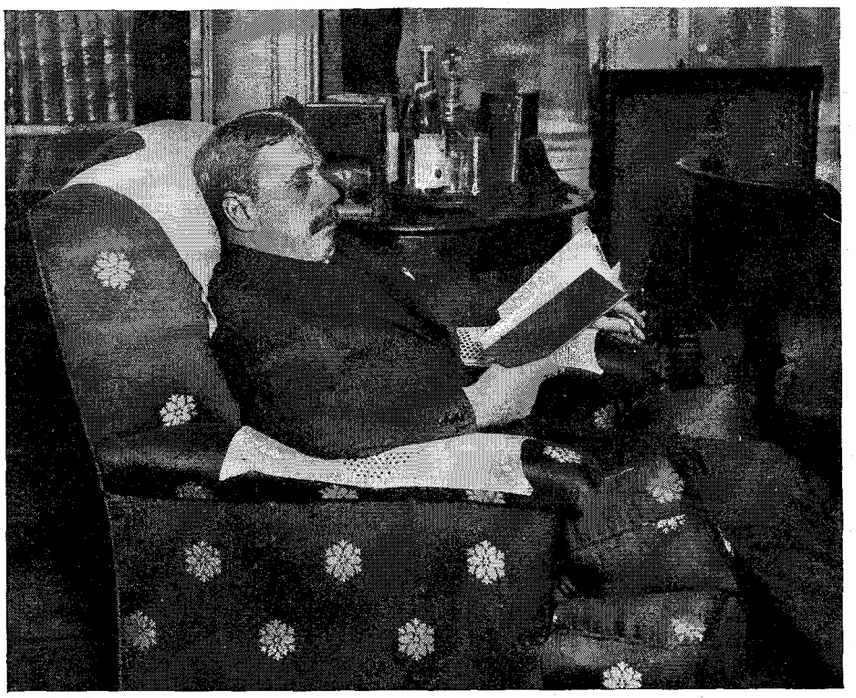
# Not an Author, but a "Writing Man"

THIS ODD JUDGMENT OF ARNOLD BENNETT is repeated, in varying phrase by newspaper comments, since his death in London, March 27.

He wrote too much and too easily, it seems.

The consequence was that while some of it was good enough to rank him along the top, other work was plainly "pot-boiling."



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Bennett in His Study

The table at his left probably holds the book he said he consulted every day.

But of this Bennett was never ashamed, nor did his best ever seem affected by his worst. He liked money, and was avid of modern life, and he labored constantly to attain his ends.

He was novelist, dramatist, and journalist—perhaps more the last than any of the others. A prodigious worker, he turned out his daily stint, which resulted in "thirty novels, hundreds of essays, and miles and miles of criticism," as the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* computes.

He even loved to write about the tools of his trade, and once in the London *Evening Standard* he paid this house the following fine compliment:

"Who would guess that the work I consult most often (twice or thrice daily) is Funk and Wagnalls one-volume Practical Standard Dictionary?

"And why should this be? Because it gives not only words but names of people and geographical names under a single alphabet."

MR. BENNETT'S attention to detail is illustrated in his care about a passport photograph, reported last year in the London *Daily Express*.

He summoned a good photographer to his house, and gave a careful sitting.

"It was characteristic of Mr. Bennett. Of an exact mind, and ever careful of his personal appearance, he was running no risk of a freakish metamorphosis.

"His care resulted in one of the best passport photographs that ever gladdened the eye of a harassed official. Even Mr. Bennett admits it as one of his favorite portraits.

"The likeness is exact. The crest of gray hair rises familiarly from the brow (tho not such an arrogant forelock as of old); there is the drooping left eyelid, and the slightly open mouth.

"There is even that expression on the face which great men turn on officials who are being a nuisance.

"That also is characteristic of Mr. Bennett.

"The description of him as an author who was

Born at : Shelton, Staffs.,
on : May 27, 1867;
who is : English,
and : 5 ft. 8½ ins.,
with eyes : brown,
also hair : gray,

is superfluous. The photograph tells us as much as most people know of Mr. Arnold Bennett."

IN his journalistic activities Mr. Bennett revealed much of his personal character. This at least is the view of the Macon *Telegraph:*

"Mr. Bennett turned to authorship from editing. He remained more editor than author.

"He lacked the fierce individuality that goes with first-class creation, and his interest in his contemporaries was always keen and often sympathetic.

"He had the eagerness of the editor in searching out new material and new authors. He championed writers, and a few people writing in England to-day, and large numbers in America, owe some measure of their success to public recognition by Arnold Bennett.

"It is said that in recent years English publishers literally carted their books to Arnold Bennett's door, hoping that some one would attract his attention, and that he would say something favorable.

"As we have implied, Mr. Bennett did not rank among the best of modern literary critics.

"He was the patron of literature, who frequently ventured into the field himself, and often with more artistic success than was expected. He knew most of the famous men and women of London during the present time.

"His name will loom large in literary history of the twenties, not so much through actual accomplishment of his own but through the important contacts he made, and because of the thousands of people who considered him a reliable guide to contemporary books."

To take account of his major achievements we turn to the Springfield *Republican:*

"If not richly endowed with literary gifts, Arnold Bennett had in a high degree the gift of industry, backed by self-confidence, an active mind, and a keen interest in whatever attracted his attention. Such a combination may not amount to genius, but it is a good equipment for a novelist, and when all the conditions are right, it may now and then yield a masterpiece..

"It came near to such fruition in 'The Old Wives' Tales,' a very long and prolix account of the diverse lives of two sisters born in a manufacturing town in England, in the early nineteenth century, one remaining at home, the other eloping and undergoing extraordinary adventures in the siege of Paris in 1870.

"The 'Clayhanger' series yielded no such outstanding single book, but the whole series is remarkably rich in human interest. There is poignant interest, too, in 'Riceyman Steps,' perhaps his most perfect novel, and in many respects not unworthy of Balzac.



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"From time to time, therefore, Arnold Bennett, inspired by a strong and affecting subject, did 'write better than he could,' but his readers are not ungrateful for his many books on a much lower level, including lavishly minute descriptions of palatial hotels, yachts, liners, and rich men's houses, and diverting yarns about the smart prankish egotists that he called 'cards,' and delighted in.

"He wrote, now and then, too, good comedy, as in 'Buried Alive,' the romance of a famous artist who is supposed to have been killed, and who takes advantage of the opportunity to escape from the burdens of fame.

"But his place as a novelist will probably depend on the fortunes of three or four of his strongest and most serious books. In the long run, his industry on the lower levels may be no handicap, because much of his work is so obviously ephemeral that it will not be weighed at all in the critical scales."

BENNETT once visited America and wrote a book called "Your United States." Morton Irish tells in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York) of his visit to Chicago:

"Bennett was given a swell time whenever the literary boys and girls could catch him. Once, at a dinner, he agreed to autograph his books for the guests. Among the guests was Vincent Starrett, an enthusiastic admirer of Bennett. Starrett arrived at the dinner with an armful of the honor guest's works. He would insert his card in a volume and pass it along the table to the author. After Bennett had autographed a dozen or so for Starrett, he wrote in the next volume:

"'To Vincent Starrett, who is rapidly becoming an old friend.'"

## Prima Donna Conductors

ONE orchestral conductor was said to achieve a great crescendo by lifting an eyebrow.

To-day he must be as extinct as the dodo, or the New York *Evening Post* is collecting its evidence in vain:

"Richard Strauss is doubtless well within the truth when he says that most audiences are spellbound by the conductor who waves his arms, crouches, and in general acts like a man possest, but he speaks even more shrewdly when he suggests that such gymnastics are a poor compliment to the members of the orchestra.

"Don't they really know when to play loudly or softly or when to come in?

"A musician who didn't know these things could not join an orchestra at all.

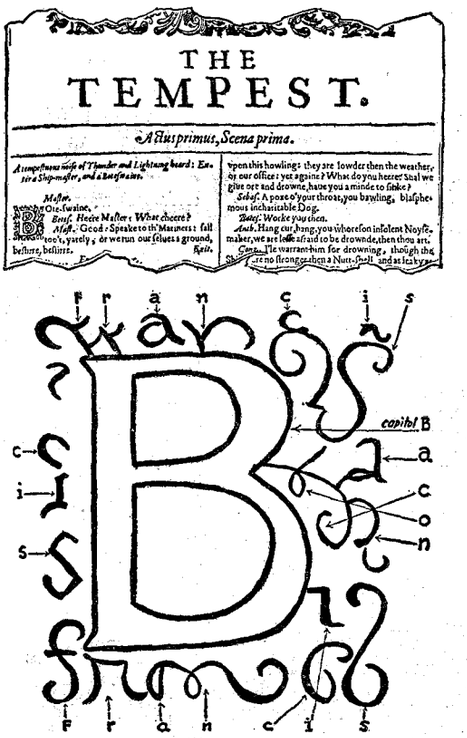
"Commenting upon the Strauss statement, the Manchester *Guardian* well says: 'In this country we have many conductors who insult the intelligence of their orchestras by the energies of an amateur herdsman of sheep. Yet the greatest conductor of the day, the one with the largest public following, is Toscanini, who does not perspire through his every pore at the end of a movement. Richter could achieve an unforgetable orchestral crescendo simply by raising a hand.'"

## The Cover

MANY are the anecdotes illustrating Lincoln's humanity. Next to the famous letter of condolence written to Mrs. Bixby, whose six sons had fallen in battle, is the pardon of a young soldier sentenced to be shot for sleeping on sentry duty.

He remarked: "I think the boy can do more good above ground than under ground."

The cover is an imaginary scene of the comfort given to the boy's mother by this act.




What the B Attracts

Under the microscope the initial letter shows Bacon's name in various curlicues.

# Another Leg-Up for Bacon

ONE MORE OF FRANCIS BACON'S DIDOES in concealing his identity as author of the glorious works of Shakespeare has come to light.

That is, of course, if he wrote them, as Baconians insist.

A Baconian lives in Cincinnati, who must feel that to those who have shall be given.

She is Miss Annette Covington, and when looking at the initial letters of the text of "The Tempest" in the folio edition of 1623, she discovered the name of Francis Bacon entwining the letter B like ivy around a monument.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* reports this discovery, which may lead scholars into very interesting speculations:

"Miss Covington has long been interested in the Baconian theory. One day, recently, while preparing a lecture on Francis Bacon for the Cincinnati Monday Lecture Club, she put a magnifying glass over the letter B at the opening of 'The Tempest' and was amazed to find in the scrollwork around the B small letters spelling the name of Francis Bacon.

"'I do not know if any one else ever made this particular discovery—at least I never heard of it before,' said Miss Covington.

"Many volumes have been written to prove that either Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the Shakespearian plays, and Miss Covington has been a student of this literature for ten years.

"Some investigators have now come forth with the claim that it was the Earl of Oxford who wrote the plays. But Miss Covington believes the evidence favors the contention that Bacon wrote them.

"'The 1623 folio was the first complete collection of Shakespeare plays, and was published seven years after the death of Shakespeare, the Stratford actor, and three years before the supposed death of Francis Bacon,' said Miss Covington. 'The magnifying glass disclosed around the letter B the name Francis at the top and Francis at the bottom of the letter, with the name Bacon at the right side.'

"Miss Covington has studied Bacon's biliteral cipher that Bacon described in his book 'On the Advancement of Learning.' She maintains that a study of this cipher shows that Bacon wrote the plays and also slipt secret messages into the plays that can be deciphered by those who know the biliteral cipher.

"In Gertrude Horsford Fiske's 'Studies in the Bi-Literal Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon,' with decipherings and drawings of letters by Elizabeth Wells Gallup, Miss Covington was able to verify enough of the letter placings in the L. Digge's poem, 'To the Memorie of the Deceased Author,' to be convinced of the accuracy of the deciphering by Elizabeth Wells Gallup. Mrs. Gallup's book, 'Francis Bacon's Cipher Story,' her decipherings of material in Bacon's acknowledged and unacknowledged writings gave Bacon's own story of his life, and stated that he was the author of the Shakespeare plays; the poetic works of Edmund Spenser; Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'; the plays attributed to Peele, Greene, and Marlowe; five plays appearing under the name of his friend and secretary, Ben Jonson, and other works.

"'The verification of the presence of biliteral messages in Francis Bacon's literary works has been announced by the leading cipher experts of the world, among them Col. George Fabyan of the United States, Major Stevenson of England, and Gen. Henri Cartier of France,' said Miss Covington.

"'If students would learn the rules of Francis Bacon's biliteral cipher, and verify a few of the placings of the easily distinguished letters as shown in the Gertrude Horsford Fiske book, incredulity would vanish, and an appreciation of the

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remarkable work of an American woman, Elizabeth Wells Gallup, would sweep this country.'"

The last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" observes that Mrs. Gallup's cipher "was an enterprising advance on Donnelly's [The Great Cryptogram"]; but when it was pointed out that the cipher had made Bacon employ Pope's future translation of Homer, faith was chilled."

Its own further chilling comment on the accumulative contentions in favor of Lord Rutland, Lord Derby, and, finally, Lord Oxford, as authors of the plays, is that "It is, in fact, only as an extraordinary growth of critical extravagance that the Bacon-Shakespeare movement and its *sequelæ* can hold literary attention."

## Sameness of American Narrative

NEWSPAPER TRAINING IS RESPONSIBLE for the sameness of American narrative in the short story, in the novel, in historical works.

American writers graduate from the newspaper field, taking with them the style they picked up under the tuition of the city editor.

If this charge is untrue, then Friedrich Scheu of the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* has gone wrong in his diagnosis.

In the United States, even more than in England, he declares, American newspaper men are bound by iron-clad rules which impart to their style qualities that make for lack of individuality.

An American narrative, says the German commentator, crowds everything into the introduction. This introduction is often but a catalog of the episodes of the story itself, later elaborated. The reason:

"To facilitate abbreviation and editing, a newspaper narrative must at the outset be so written that everything important appears in the very beginning. This is required in order that the last part of the tale can be cut remorselessly. The telling of a tale consecutively, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, is out of the question.

"Among us Germans, a narrative of a murder can begin with due regard to continuity. 'A frightful crime,' we may say, 'which has plunged the whole Hungarian region into commotion, has just been perpetrated at Temesvar.

"'There dwelt a man who had two daughters.

"'One of those daughters . . .' And so forth.

"The crime may be narrated in due order, and the fact of the arrest set down last.

"In England, and more particularly in the United States, the story would have to be written according to rule and rote. Thus:

"'Peter Aleksic, a sixty-year-old peasant of Temesvar, slew his two daughters, Anna and Catherine, there yesterday because he did not like the soup they served him.' In this fashion everything vital is comprest into a catalog. Such a preliminary congestion of words is known in the jargon of British and American journalism as the introduction.

"In the ensuing paragraphs the details, the circumstances preceding the episode, the perpetration of the crime, and the atmosphere and personalities can be elaborated. If in subsequent editions of the newspaper space is to be gained, these ensuing paragraphs can be struck out. In the United States, far more than in England, the practise of journalism is hidebound by rules of this sort.

"Perhaps in the course of his very first day on the newspaper, the 'cub' reporter will be taken in hand to see that he has got the formulas and understands the business of grinding out the copy. For that inevitable introduction must afford a reply to the five questions he can repeat by heart: 'What? Who? Where? When? Why?'"

ANOTHER aspect of this mode of working is what the German commentator calls the factory system of labor in American newspapers. There is one huge room in which all the reporters toil together.

On the continent of Europe, he explains, the newspaper men work more according to the "cell" system. Each member of the staff has his separate room, as a rule, wherein he thinks out his articles.

The result is that American narrative in the different literary forms runs true to a single type. Continental European writers develop their individuality. Hence in the United States they turn out novelists and short-story writers in droves, all brilliant, but all much alike.

## English Puzzles a Foreigner

DO YOU FIND IT EASY to spell in English?

If not, consider the case of the foreigner who hears words ending in, say, ough, pronounced in several different ways.

The Spanish Ambassador to England, the Marquis de Merry del Val, told the Modern Language Association of Great Britain, recently, how the language strikes a foreigner.

As reported by *The Observer* (London), he set out to tell which of the living European tongues may be considered the most closely adapted to the exigencies of these modern times:

"Humanity has already solved the problem, in my opinion, by the choice of the English tongue, the most widely spoken of all languages in the world to-day. I, a foreigner to your nation, not only recognize this fact, but hasten to add that on the whole no preference could be happier.

"To my mind the universality of English is not exclusively due to the extent of your Empire, the world-wide scope of your political influence, to the yet further reach of your trade. I frankly, from a sense of justice, attribute its omnipresence to certain inherent qualities of its own.

"Devoid of guaranteed complications, its simplicity in no small measure warrants the exaggerated assertion that it has no grammar.

"Your vague and utterly conventional pronunciation is easy to imitate. The weak spot in English lies in its orthography. It will always be superior in its spoken to its written form. The labyrinth of its spelling, a real maze, renders its correct writing unattainable for many of alien origin.

"English, free from the mummifying swathe-bands of academical regulations, appears to me the most vital of all living European languages.

"Your pronunciation can only be regarded as a subtle artificiality, the product of the highest refinement of civilized conversation. You cramp, twist, and transform your vowels without mercy until they become the shadow of themselves, only because you will not stoop to accents so broad as to grate uncouthly on your genteel ears, or too boldly for your native shyness.

"You soften from the same motives your consonants beyond recognition, or totally suppress them. Vowels and consonants in their primitive and robuster sound you disdainfully leave to dialect and the uncultured.

"Still, I like your mode of speech all the better for this, and my admiring affection would wane and wilt were it otherwise."

IT would be unnatural for such a speaker to forget the claims of his own tongue. So the Ambassador is moved to eloquence in favor of Spanish:

"If Spanish, spoken by some 80,000,000 of human beings spread over part of Europe, half America, and part of Oceania, comes in this respect immediately after English, it vies with it by a literature yet more vast, quite as beautiful and strong, and often remarkably similar in its outlook on life, its courageous denunciation of human frailty in places high or low, the tragic grandeur of its drama, the human quality of its theater and its novel, the majesty of its epics, the fire, the tenderness and love of nature of its lyrics, the glowing beauty, the music, and the measured tread of its verse.

"More ancient than your own, we treasure ballads of the twelfth century, and tho we may not have produced a Shakespeare, even if we quote a dozen playwrights not unworthy to sit beside him, a book as good as 'Don Quixote' has yet to be written."

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# "The Saint of Molokai"

THEY CALLED HIM A SAINT. He was—to the lepers and to all others who knew of his work on the lonely rock of Molokai.

So when Brother Joseph Dutton entered recently into the larger brotherhood, all creeds the world over united in paying him tribute.

Once the dashing Ira Dutton, Civil War veteran and successful business man, as the Associated Press recalls, he forsook the world and sought atonement for a life that, apparently, had not been particularly sinful, and devoted forty-four years to the care of the lepers on the Island of Molokai. It was his last port of call on the way to eternal life, but ships plying between San Francisco and Honolulu always stood out from that rugged coast.

And strange as it may seem to worldlings, Brother Joseph's happiest years were there.

"Am almost ashamed to say am inclined to be jolly," he wrote when he was eighty-three. "Often think we don't know that our Lord ever laughed, and my laugh is ready to burst out any minute." He died at eighty-seven, three years short of the span he had anticipated when he said once that his life represented "forty-five years down and forty-five years up."

His is a strange story. He went to Hawaii in 1886 to be associated with Father Joseph Damien, the Belgian monk who became a leper himself while working among the lepers, and whose name is linked with the modern martyrs. He succeeded Father Joseph when the latter died in 1889, and never left his charges until he was taken to a hospital in Honolulu for treatment. His reason for his sacrifice remained a mystery until 1926, when, as a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times* informs us, he revealed that he had made his choice after a vow to God.

International photograph

Why They Called Brother Joseph a Saint

"YEARS of sowing wild oats," he said, "made me decide to give the remainder of my life in volunteer penance to work at some retired place without pay." So, on that wedge of rocky, grassy land which, on a clear day, may be seen across the rough channel from Diamond Head on Oahu, he spent his life.

As the Associated Press carries on the fine story:

"In Honolulu people called him 'the Saint from Vermont,' and 'the Saint of Molokai.'

"Often they sent him the newest magazines and books. They wrote him details of the newest motor-cars and airplanes and of the latest inventions, for from the time that he went to the island in 1886 until he left it last summer to become a patient in the Queen's Hospital, Honolulu, Brother Joseph never left his station.

"In 1909 the whole American fleet sailed by Molokai in the daylight as a tribute to 'a brave man and a brave soldier,' and in 1929 the House of Representatives of Hawaii passed a resolution thanking Brother Joseph for his 'inspiring work and service.'

"It is against all the practises of the Roman Catholic Church to refer to a living man as a saint, particularly if that person, as in the case of Brother Joseph, has once been a lieutenant, a printer, and a drug-store clerk. Nevertheless, one of the editors of *The Catholic World* last year had this to say:

"'Canonizing in the Church is an exceedingly slow process involving the utmost care in examination of facts; so that sainthood, for all its qualities of timeliness, suggests itself as something remote, something related to the early Christian era. To regard a living man as a future candidate to the ranks of the blest requires a measure of daring. Still one may, I feel, look on Joseph Dutton in this light without fear of mockery.'"

BORN as Ira Dutton of a Protestant family at Stowe, Vermont, we read, he went as a child to live in Wisconsin. He joined the 13th Wisconsin Volunteers in the Civil War, and by the time of Appomattox had reached the grade of lieutenant. He remained in the Army two years more, assisting in the construction of the national cemeteries at Shiloh and Corinth. He joined the Roman Catholic Church, was baptized as Joseph instead of Ira, and studied at the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky. He took his final vows in St. Louis, and then went to New Orleans. While there he learned of Father Damien's work, and, we read on:

"Brother Joseph journeyed to San Francisco and departed in a sailing ship for Honolulu.

"There, kneeling at the feet of Bishop Hermann Koeckemann, he sought and obtained permission to be sent to Kalaupapa.

"Three years before Brother Joseph's landing, Father Damien had developed leprosy, and thereafter had begun all his sermons with 'We lepers.' Brother Joseph cared for Father Damien, fearlessly, exposing himself to infection.

"Near the end he took over all of Father Damien's work, and when death came to his coworker, in 1889, Brother Joseph dug his grave and rounded it off.

"Both Brother Joseph and Father Damien were friends of Robert Louis Stevenson, and one of Stevenson's most embittered philippics was issued in defense of Father Damien's career. It is printed in his 'Lay Morals.'"

THUS Brother Joseph followed the way of the Master, and, as the Newark *Evening News* says:

"Molokai took him, and Molokai held him until the summons he had so long awaited came. Such lives seem incredible to the less sacrificing in spirit.

"Amid the graves on Molokai of those whom in life he tended with unfaltering zeal Brother Joseph will lie, faithful to the end—and beyond.

"No other sepulcher would be fitting."



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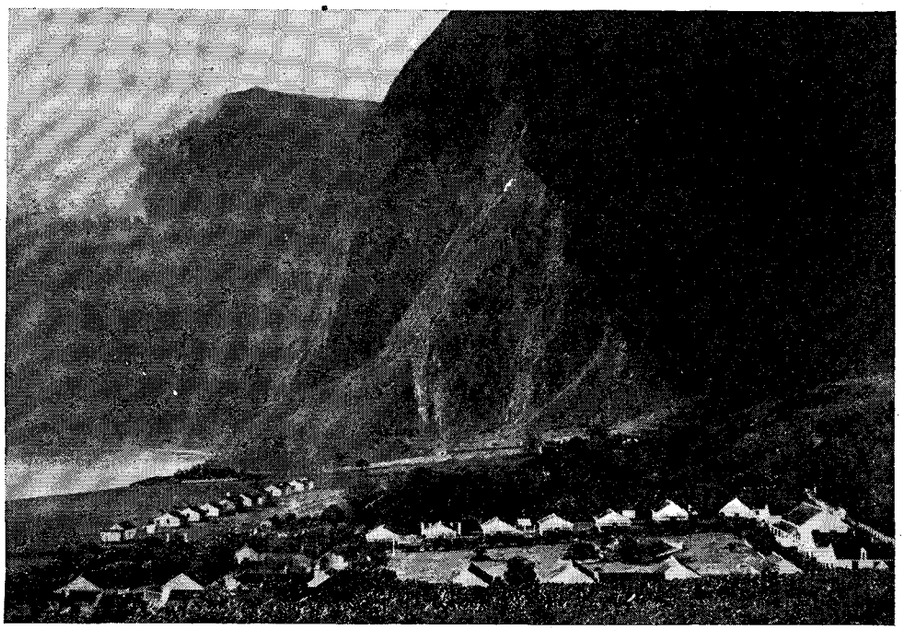
## More Phelpses Might Help

MORE SUCH PROFESSORS is, perhaps, the answer to the Yale senior who pays a high tribute to the preaching of Professor William Lyon Phelps, but takes a vigorous slam at the Church.

Yale graduates who assembled for the recent Alumni Day were greeted with flaming red posters, headed "Yale Without Religion," and announcing a student publication in which an attack was made on the religious courses and chapel services in the University.



Molokai, the Place of the Lepers

The leading article, by Selden Rodman, a senior, charges that, unless Professor Phelps is preaching, "the average attendance at morning chapel is between fifteen and twenty, and sometimes as low as ten."

The courses in religion and Battel Chapel—the University Church—runs the article, no longer have anything to offer the student, and "so long as the control of both remains in the hands of the Divinity School, no attempt will be made to bring them into harmony with contemporary ideas."

According to Mr. Rodman, instruction is traditional, and vitiated by bias. He sees a return to humanism and Catholicism, and attacks the Protestants for their "half-hearted attempts to compromise between science and faith."

If the Yale chapel should disappear, he claims, no one besides the undergraduate religious organizations would be aware of any change. As he sees it, the situation seems so hopeless that he "can offer no immediate solution."

BUT *The Reformed Church Messenger*, which summarizes young Mr. Rodman's article for us, believes that the Yale senior is much more pessimistic than the facts warrant.

*The Messenger* agrees that opinions regarding the attitude of students toward religion are certainly contradictory. It cites in point the gloomy outlook of a prominent pastor who is convinced that all our ideals are fading, that the college is being used only as a short cut to wealth and leisure, and that we are breeding a race of moral racketeers.

But the very next day, recites *The Messenger*, an elder in that same congregation, who is also president of a large university, took issue with his pastor and gave assurance out of his own experience with students in various parts of the country that true spiritual values were never more truly recognized by American youth of both sexes than they are to-day.

As *The Messenger* reports the elder's statement further:

"Moral standards are constantly improving, he maintained, and idealism is of a higher and finer type than ever before.

"In spite of all clamor to the contrary, he asserted that there is not one-twentieth part the drinking of intoxicants among students which was prevalent a quarter of a century ago.

"Sex relationships have also improved.

"He deplored the tendency to criticize our youth, and said no reputed golden age of the past contained so much 'refined gold' as our own, and never was there so much hope for genuine Christianity.

"But what young folks chiefly lack now is due to our failure to put before them a basic philosophy of life to uphold their hands. There is needed a higher, more appealing leadership in the churches and in the chairs of philosophy and religion, to give them what they need, and to give it in such a winsome and stalwart fashion, so certain, quick, and true, that they will gladly yield to it.

"They do not want an attenuated, anemic Christianity—they want the real thing!"

HAVING just returned from a meeting of the Association of Schools, Colleges and Seminaries of his own church, the editor of *The Messenger* reports himself in a mood to credit fully this more optimistic view of the contemporary situation on the American campus.

## Society Pays the Bill Either Way

AN EDUCATIONAL TEST is not required of gunmen and bootleggers.

Which raises the question whether they might not have turned to other avenues of industry if they had remained longer in school.

An interesting comment comes from England. There "A Prison Visitor" informs the London *Christian World* that of the convicts he visited who were still of school age when they were sent to prison the percentage runs as high as fifty.

In one class of thirty-eight the visitor found but two who could read connectedly, while twenty-two "could not read any but the smallest words." They were no better when it came to handwriting.

The visitor then raises the question "whether there was any connection between this apparent lack of education and the fact that the fellows were convicted criminals," and wonders if they "would have been criminals in any case, or might have been saved by education."

Out of the thirty-eight he speaks of, thirteen had no parents; eight had mothers, and eleven, fathers. Two had been deserted by their parents, and but four had living fathers and mothers. He concludes that the tendency to crime is the result of a lack of home influence, so that "the backward boy who is morally weak drifts into prison."

How much education could do to rescue the backward boy from criminal courses, comments *The Churchman* (Episcopal), has not been established; "no more has any substitute been discovered for 'home influences.' So society continues to pay the bill."

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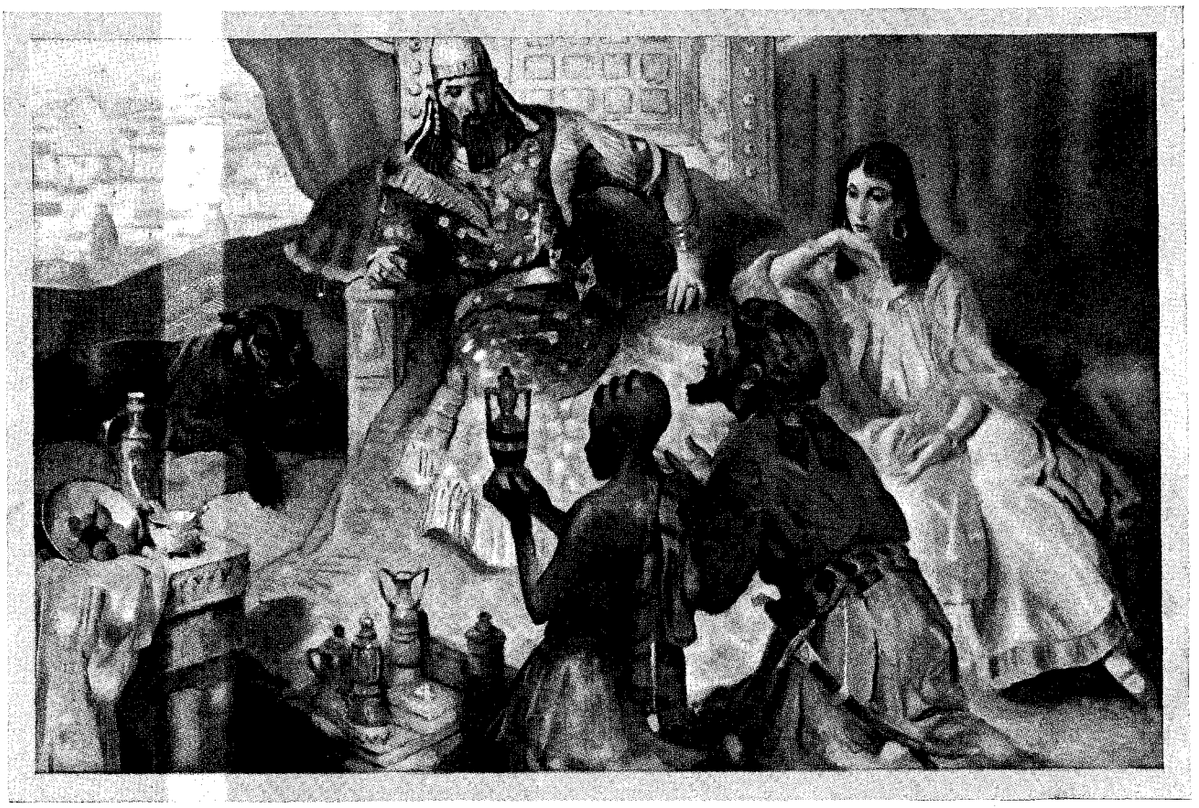


# FOR A DISCRIMINATING CLIENTELE

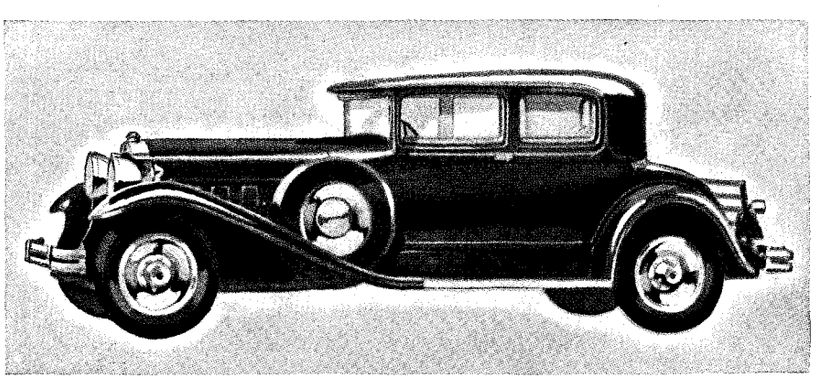
*The fragrance of perfumes and incense was the very breath of life to the monarchs and nobles of ancient Assyria. Assurbanipal fostered the distilling of rare flowers and highly rewarded those whose art produced a new and lovely odor. Thus throughout all history advancement in every art has been achieved through the appreciation and patronage of the great and the discriminating*

To own a Packard is to enjoy *luxurious* transportation. Yet a Packard is not a luxury. Packard ownership is not necessarily the hall-mark of great wealth—it *does* indicate sound judgment. For Packard ownership need *cost* no more than motoring in any other car of like size and power, whatever its price.

There is but one really important cost in motoring. It is depreciation—the natural loss in value suffered through years of use. Owners of the Packard Standard Eight find that they can keep it far longer than was their habit with cars of lower price and less distinction—thus, depreciation cost is no greater. Operating costs are virtually the same—and need not be considered.

Packard cars—Standard Eights, DeLuxe Eights and Individual Custom creations—*are* owned by the wealthy, it is true. This is because Packard cars are good investments. Wealth generally reflects the type of judgment which selects a Packard—knowing that the best is always the least expensive in the long run.

Why not apply the same reasoning to your own motoring? The prestige of Packard ownership is a definite asset. If you *are* paying for Packard luxury and distinction—why not *have* a Packard?



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

# PACKARD

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# CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE *Commonweal* (New York) celebrates the early spring days:

### FIRST ROBIN

By Maire nic Pilip

Strange, in the hush of snow to see
A crimson breasted robin sit
Upon the silver frozen tree.

He springs and flies from branch to branch,
And every time his dark wings flit,
Down comes a tiny avalanche.

He voices no astonishment
At such a cold and glittering world,
No cry of protest or dissent.

Is there no turmoil in his breast,
Remembering the green leaves curled
About his rocking, springtime nest?

Remembering a fragrant storm,
Half April rain, half cherry flowers,
That drenched the earth, yet left it warm;

Remembering suns like daffodils
That gleamed through the allotted hours,
And withered on the evening hills?

But easily and unconcerned,
He moves within the silver tree
As though his breast were flame and burned,

A rumor of untided springs;
And all the dark air suddenly
Throngs with innumerable wings.

---

CRITICS often lament the loss of the art of singing. *The Saturday Review* (London) charges the fault against fashion:

### THE ART OF SINGING

By A. W. G.

OLD STYLE

In the past they used always to say:
"On your voice you should learn how to play
Like an old violin.
It is really a sin
If you sing in a casual way."

NEW STYLE

Just be natural; breathing like mine
Gives a charm that is hard to define.
*I* never should want to
Excel in *bel canto*,
To be flat is far more in my line.

---

THIS cry of release from the city is often exprest—perhaps not more forcefully and simply than in *Whip and Spur* (St. Louis):

### CALL TO THE HILLS

By Paul Southworth Bliss

You bade me come into the hills . . .
Alas, I answer, no,
For I am fettered here by ills
That will not let me go.

But bring to me a souvenir,
Bring back earth scent and dust,
Bring back the little thrills of fear
That ride the evening gust.

Bring back to me the country's might,
The confidence of earth,
Bring back to me the country's light,
Its freedom and its mirth.

And one day I will go with you
Far out amidst the hills;
And there by stream and stone renew
All things the city kills.

THE commerce of trees with wind and sun is an interesting theme on which to form partizanship. So *The Sun's* writer thinks:

### TWIN PINE

By Israel Newman

Your branches think in terms of layered rocks
Wherein your roots dig down, or of these lean,
Long bars of cloud at dusk which your green shocks
Of porcupine so frequently have seen.

Twin trunks from one; reptilian limbs that toil—
To join or part them? Or do they insist
On some dream pattern that the seasons foil?
What may attain that this frustration missed?

Alive with wind that grows a part of you,
You press against the hill through rain and drought
A tuning fork the ground is listening to;
One some capricious age has hammered out.

Yet winds were not what warped you; light is stronger:
Winds never twist a tree as does light-hunger.

---

THE humorist of the London *Morning Post* sympathizes with once-honored ghosts now relegated to the storeroom of discarded beliefs:

### DISGRUNTLED GHOSTS

[*According to the Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, the power of seeing ghosts is extremely rare.*]

By Touchstone

Though I have heard a psychic's boasts
Of contact with the unseen hosts,
It seems the power of seeing ghosts
To-day is very rare.
And though I sometimes wake at night
All damp and dithering with fright,
I never yet have seen a sight
To stir my rising hair.

The figure of Sir Alured
Has never stood beside my bed
Holding his grim and gory head
Beneath his ghostly arm;
But if it had I'm bound to say
I should discount the fact next day,
Though at the time such visions may
Occasion some alarm.

We of to-day's degenerate race,
Although we meet a genuine case,
Are yet too cowardly to face
The hearer's pitying smile,
The sceptic's devastating sniff,
And is it then a wonder if
The spooks that scared our forebears stiff
Find business not worth while?

---

THE garland of spring welcomes is lengthening. There seem never too many, and this in *Harper's* is a bright one:

### EMBLEMS OF SPRING

By Arthur Davison Ficke

When in the woods the small white trillium-flower
After long seasons of the snow and rain
Gleams in the dead moss, and a sudden hour
Of light is in the storm-clouds, and again
Birds make their nests under the southern eaves,
And sun and hail are alternate in the sky,
And the apple tree with blossoms hides its leaves,
And night is tremulous with the marsh-frogs' cry—
Then, by these signs, men know another spring
Has come upon the land, and are content.
Winter is now a gone, forgotten thing
As earth awakens to new merriment.
Earth has no memory: the glad birds sing
The song of last year's birds, who came and went.

SURELY a quaint theme for a poem, but how much is evoked from it. In *Harper's:*

### PAVES

By Orrick Johns

I have always an eye for the paves,
And a thought for the feet that have trod them.

The great rose travertine blocks
At Pæstum where sun-bitten slaves
Who laid them envied the flocks
At noon on the Apennines.
I am touched by the patience of paves,
Classical, cloistral, or laic—
Tiberius' royal designs
Washed by Tyrrhenian waves,
And the baths of Caracalla
Where the grass grows between the mosaic;
Roofless, battered, betrayed,
In the long Italian rain
They lie where the artisan laid
The colors that nothing can stain.

I am awed by the durance of paves,
Piombo and rosso and granite;
Under the dim gold naves
Of San Marco they ripple and roll
Like sand on a low-tide shoal
Or the wind-blown silk of a pool.
I am consoled by the paves
In crypts cut out of the stone
Older than man on the planet,
Forever silent and cool.

I love to walk them alone
In temples and chambers and towers,
Paves that are whiter than bone
Or vivid as flowers;
They are the soul of the stone,
They are the keepers of powers,
They are humility's own,
They are the works that atone,
They are the last that is ours.

---

HOW to fool the poet into farm work might stand for this in *The Southern Agriculturist* (Nashville):

### FARM FOLKS

THE FARM BOY

By K. A. G.

My father puzzles me—
He goes about his work so soberly.
He looks down at the ground,
And never seems to hear a single sound,
Or see the grasses stir,
Or how the pasture's blowing edges blur.
He never hears the breeze
Fretting and pulling at the new-green trees.

One morning in the spring,
Across the field I thought I heard him sing;
But when our plow-rounds crossed,
He only fussed about the time I'd lost,
Then hustled up his team
And said, "Now Sonny, don't stand there and dream,
With all this work to do."
But I work better when I dream—don't you?

Sometimes I ask him why
He never stops to watch the windy sky,
Or lets his horses rest,
While he goes hunting for a blackbird's nest.
He puckers up his face—
"Someone must make a living at this place!"
He seems to think it's tough—
But these warm days I just can't live enough!

My father puzzles me—
But mother laughs, and says some day I'll see
He just puts all that on
To set a good example for his son;
That, if 'twas not for her,
Sometimes he'd not go near that field—no, sir!
But, if he had his way,
He'd take me fishing every other day

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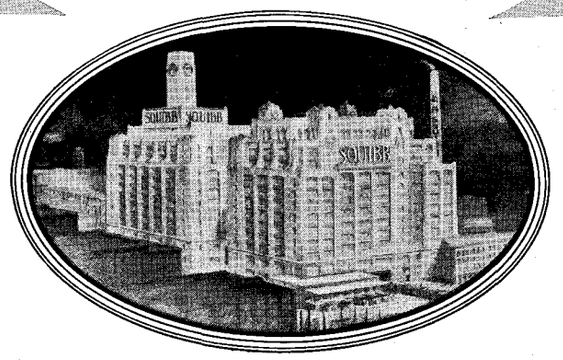

# THE POWER TO AFFECT HUMAN WELFARE

*Some persons, some professions, some businesses have in their power to affect human welfare so directly that they can never travel the ordinary paths . . . or measure success by ordinary standards. Perhaps nowhere are ideals, integrity and skill more clearly needed than in the manufacture of medicinal products.*

E. R. Squibb & Sons is an institution of professional men. Volume production is not a problem. But accuracy, quality and purity are a vital concern. Vast sums are spent on research without considering the effect on profits. More time is devoted to testing than to making. And there is no such thing as a "second" among all the products of Squibb.

Squibb Products meet but one standard—the highest standard of purity and quality that the modern laboratory can reach.

In order to insure that no Squibb Product ever varies the slightest in quality, many safeguards surround every step of manufacture. Every Squibb Product, no matter how simple or how complex, is tested many times in the making.

These are reasons why surgeons and hospitals everywhere look to the Squibb Laboratories for many important professional products which demand unusual skill and care to prepare. It is why physicians frequently specify Squibb Chemicals in important prescriptions. It is the reason conscientious pharmacists often place the Seal of Squibb over their prescription counters as a sign of dependability.

Perhaps you, yourself, have noticed that those drug stores in which you have the greatest confidence and trust are stores which feature many products under the label of Squibb . . . to you, an evidence of quality—to them, a symbol of reliability.

## SQUIBB HOME NECESSITIES

E. R. Squibb & Sons make every type of medicinal preparation. Listed below are some of the Squibb Products most frequently purchased for the home. It is interesting that in preparing purer products, Squibb has also made products that are more palatable, pleasanter to take. This better taste is simply another evidence of quality and purity.

Squibb Milk of Magnesia — Squibb Liquid Petrolatum
Squibb Castor Oil — Squibb Adex Tablets
Squibb Bicarbonate of Soda — Squibb Nursery Powder
Squibb Boric Acid — Squibb Olive Oil — Squibb Epsom Salt
Squibb Dental Cream — Squibb Shaving Cream
Squibb Cod-Liver Oil — Squibb Vitavose
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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

★

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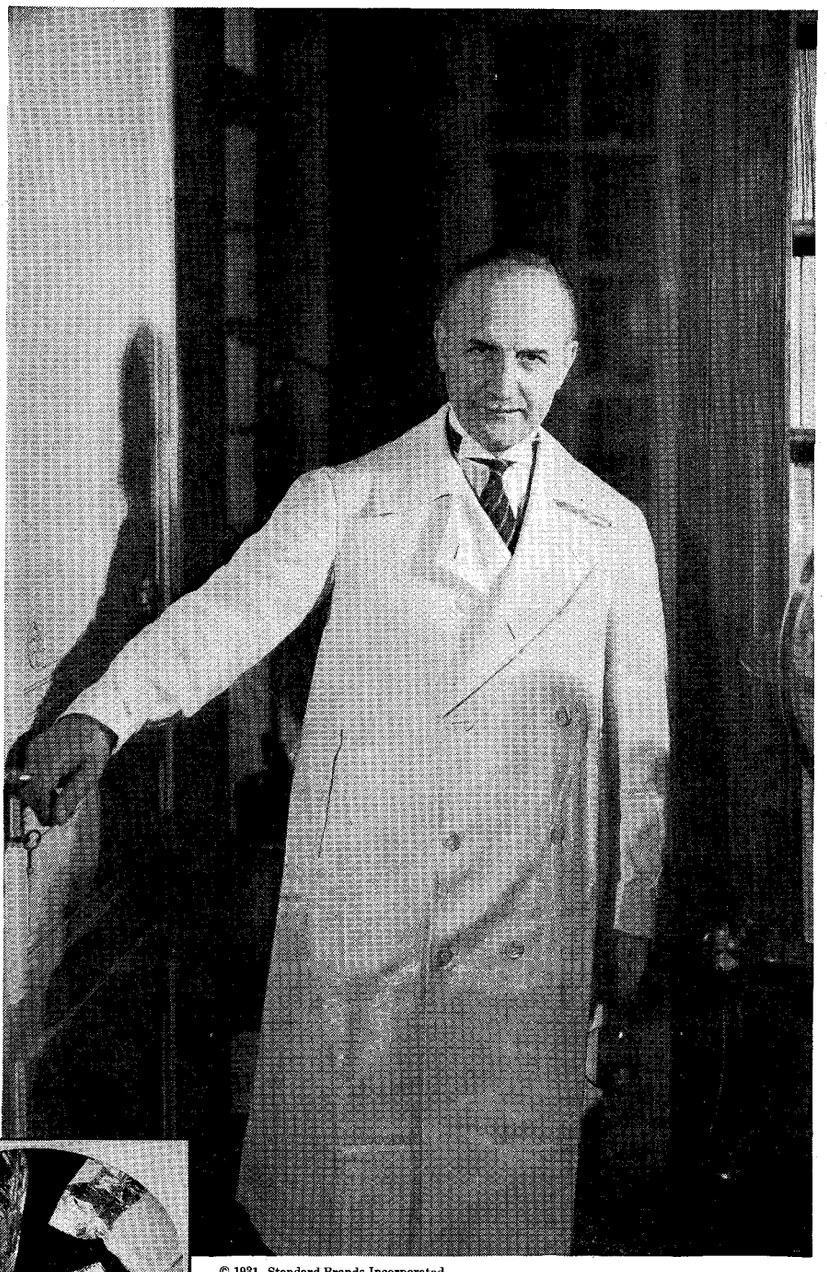
# France's greatest Dermatologist says..

## *Eating Yeast gets at the* Cause *of tell-tale skin eruptions*



**DR. CLÉMENT SIMON**

**Chief Dermatologist (skin specialist) of Hospital Saint Lazare, Paris. Dr. Simon is the greatest authority in his field in France. He is director of the "Bulletin Medical," French medical journal.**

YOU know what they mean—those disagreeable blotches, blackheads and eruptions! They indicate a bodily disorder in serious need of attention!

Usually this disorder is simply that commonplace evil . . . *Intestinal Fatigue.*

Now this condition must be corrected! For that purpose specialists advise the regular eating of fresh yeast. As the great French authority, Dr. Simon, says:—

"Fresh yeast has been used as a 'purifying agent' from remote times . . . It acts as a gentle laxative and keeps the system 'regular.' Its action is surprising in certain skin disorders—especially those brought on by intestinal or digestive disturbances."

Added to your regular diet, fresh yeast softens accumulated waste matter in the intestines. Sluggish intestines are "toned up"—strengthened. Poison-forming residue, which leads to skin blemishes, headaches, colds, etc., is gently cleared away.

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N.Y.C.

**WHAT NOTED SKIN SPECIALISTS SAY:**

DR. BRUENAUER, noted Vienna dermatologist, says: "Fresh yeast purifies the digestive system, producing a healthier bodily tone. The skin is protected against blemishes."

DR. SÁNCHEZ-COVISA, of Madrid, reports: "Pimples usually result from constipation. Yeast is of great aid in their treatment."

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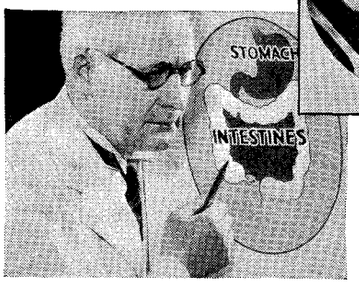

(LEFT)
**Poisons from here cause most skin troubles. (*Above*) Keep intestines clean by eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily—just plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold), or any way you like.**

(RIGHT)
**"I felt all dragged out," writes Miss May Littlepage of Minneapolis, "and had trouble with my complexion. Mother suggested that I try eating yeast. It proved to be just what I needed to improve my skin and vitality. I am very grateful."**

***Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes a day!***

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# Rockne: Maker of Men, Idol of Boys

THREE STRIPLINGS WERE LALIGAGGING at a Chicago street corner, toward the close of a summer day in 1910.

With no further purpose in view, they were still reluctant to part.

Two of them are described as "tall, gangling lads; wiry, lean-muscled." The other was "stockier—a tow-headed, broad-faced chap, whose flattened nose rambled across his face like a backwoods detour."

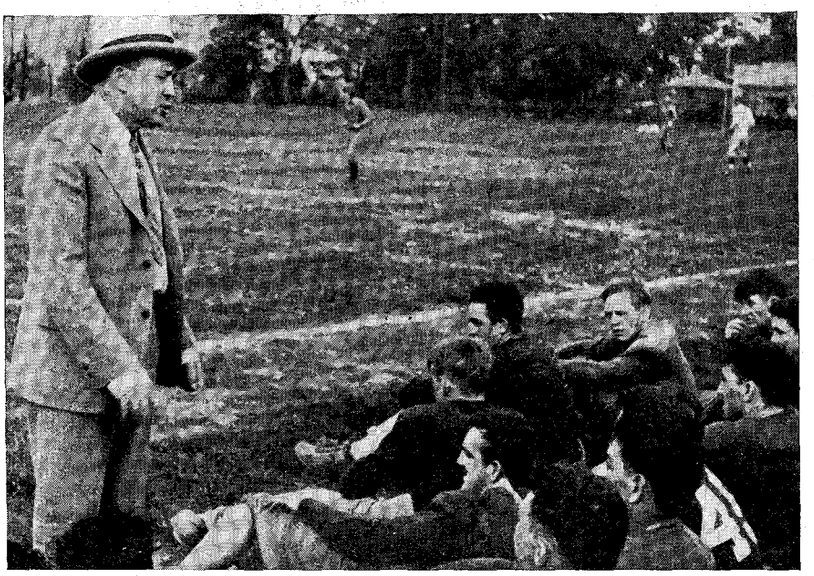
Under his arm he carried a rolled up track-suit, continues Ford Frick in the New York *Evening Journal*, and "from his hand dangled a pair of dirty, worn track shoes."

They jawed boyishly of the day's track events, and then the talk turned to colleges.

"Johnny and me are going down to Notre Dame this fall," the taller of the two boys said, turning to the stocky lad. "Why don't you come along?"

The little fellow with the nose askew pondered for a moment, relates Mr. Frick. Then he grinned.

"Where's Notre Dame?" he inquired. "I'm going to Illinois."



International Newsreel photograph

Spring Training at Notre Dame: A Few Wisecracks from "Rock"

The two taller lads "weren't fazed by the kidding," we are told.

"Maybe Notre Dame may not be such a hot place," they retorted, "but a fellow can get a job down there. And it don't cost as much as other schools, either."

The argument continued as the boys walked down the street. And we read on:

Finally the stocky lad reached the car line. He swung aboard a street car, and there from the back platform, yelled down at the two lads on the sidewalk.

"All right," he said, "I'll go with you. When do we start?"

And that's how Knute Rockne happened to go to Notre Dame.

THIS fragment is a sample of the historical and anecdotal material from the life of the late Knute Rockne that has been pouring forth from newspaper presses all over the country.

Many a President, many a man of acknowledged greatness in the learned professions, in art, science or finance, has earned far less obituary space than the rugged coach of the Notre Dame football team.

Not since the death of Rudolph Valentino has there been such a high tide of post-mortem hero worship, and in this case it is the masculinity of the nation which has been stirred to its depths. The public passion for varsity football and admiration for its leading protagonist finds expression in numerous editorials. This, for instance, from the Detroit *News:*

KNUTE ROCKNE'S DEATH A NATIONAL LOSS

Knute Rockne had become so public a figure in the last ten years of his life, and his personality in many attractive attitudes had been imprest so vividly on the general consciousness, that his sudden death must bring a sensation of intimate loss to millions of his countrymen.

A man adored and idolized by thousands of young men, who have found in him all they would wish themselves to be, can only be an enormous force in the community.

The essence of Rockne's character was its complete masculinity, a circumstance calculated to set him apart in an age which has somehow lost the edge of an earlier national virility.

He was a man's man, and particularly a boy's man, with a remarkable insight into the aspirations and tendencies of youth, and an almost unique capacity for inducing the adolescent character to realize its full stature and strength.

The lives of thousands of Americans have been colored and enriched and made more satisfying by contact with him. Hundreds of other younger Americans are definitely the poorer for his tragic passing.

"A FOOTBALL genius," the New York *Herald Tribune* calls him—"a coach who influenced the game more than Walter Camp, Glenn Warner, or any of those great strategists of the past." And further:

He was not only a great coach but a dynamic force that was able to turn mediocre material into extraordinarily fine teams.

He had inspirational power to a marked degree.

His system of play, taught by an army of men who learned the game under his tutelage, is widely followed all over the country to-day.

In the East and Middle West and in parts of the South football is being analyzed not so much as a game but as an intercollegiate sport. Almost every one who is interested in sport of any kind considers it the most thrilling and exciting of intercollegiate contests. Lovers of the game are worried by its hippodroming features, its offensive ballyhoo, its commercialism.

Opinions differ sharply, no few contending that intercollegiate football as played before huge crowds, as developed by clever publicity, is simply representative of the age, and particularly of modern college life. The fact that the college coach is often better known to the general public than the university president is indication of the place to which the game has mounted.

Rockne was as great a promoter as he was a coach.

He might have been a P. T. Barnum or a "Tex" Rickard.

He molded fine teams and he promoted them with a skill surpassed by no publicity agent. Scores of coaches adopted his football strategy and his promotion methods as well. He was everything to "big-time" football.

"ONE afternoon last fall I saw him on his home grounds for the first time," relates Westbrook Pegler in an article copyrighted by the Chicago *Tribune*, and here quoted from the New York *Evening Post*. Continuing:

He was brushing up his team before the Army game in Chicago, and as he walked around the gymnasium at South Bend, a tall thin kid, one of the students, followed him like a shadow, carrying a big, wide-armed police-sergeant's chair. Silently, always in step with the coach, but never in the way, the young man matched every move he made, and shoved the chair just so, for Knute to sit down if his legs got tired.

(*Continued on page 32*)



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# Fire

***have invested***

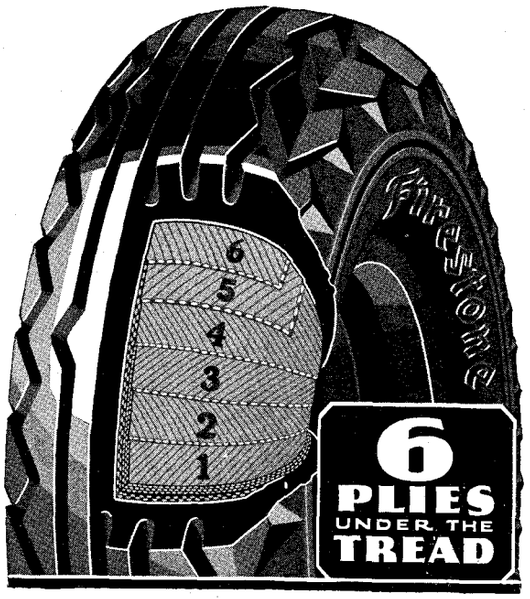
# $25,000,000.00

***with their* TIRE DEALERS**

**establishing a great economical distributing and standardized service system with standard prices. This, combined with unusual manufacturing efficiencies, gives Firestone Service Dealers and Service Stores the *outstanding tire values of history*, and places them in a position to**

**SAVE YOU MONEY *and* SERVE YOU BETTER**

*"Most Miles per Dollar"*

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### CONSTRUCTION *and* QUALITY

| | 4.50-21 TIRE | | 6.00-19 H.D. TIRE | |
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| | OUR TIRE | ★ SPECIAL BRAND MAIL ORDER TIRE | OUR TIRE | ★ SPECIAL BRAND MAIL ORDER TIRE |
| **More** Rubber Vol. | **172** cu. in. | **161** cu. in. | **298** cu. in. | **267** cu. in. |
| **More** Weight . . . | **16.99** pounds | **15.73** pounds | **28.35** pounds | **26.80** pounds |
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| **More** Plies at Tread | **6** plies | **5** plies | **8** plies | **7** plies |
| **Same Price** . . . | **$5.69** | **$5.69** | **$11.40** | **$11.40** |

**Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store and see for yourself sections cut from various tires.**

*Compare Quality—Construction—and Prices.*

***Double Guarantee***—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.

★A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "first line" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on *every* tire he makes.

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# stone

# COMPARE THESE PRICES

AUTOMOBILE Manufacturers do not take chances with special brand tires. Why should you take the risk when you can save money by buying Firestone quality Oldfield type from our dealers and in addition get their service.

*We list below the leading replacement sizes.*

| MAKE OF CAR | TIRE SIZE | Our Dealers' Cash Price Each | ★Special Brand Mail Order Tire | Our Dealers' Cash Price Per Pair |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ford, Chevrolet | 4.40-21 | $4.98 | $4.98 | $ 9.60 |
| Chevrolet | 4.50-20 | 5.60 | 5.60 | 10.90 |
| Ford | 4.50-21 | 5.69 | 5.69 | 11.10 |
| Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet | 4.75-19 | 6.65 | 6.65 | 12.90 |
| Erskine, Plymouth | 4.75-20 | 6.75 | 6.75 | 13.10 |
| Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Graham-Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-Knight | 5.00-19 | 6.98 | 6.98 | 13.60 |
| Essex, Nash | 5.00-20 | 7.10 | 7.10 | 13.80 |
| Marquette, Oldsmobile | 5.25-18 | 7.90 | 7.90 | 15.30 |
| Buick | 5.25-21 | 8.57 | 8.57 | 16.70 |
| Auburn, Jordan, Reo | 5.50-18 | 8.75 | 8.75 | 17.00 |
| Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless, Studebaker | 5.50-19 | 8.90 | 8.90 | 17.30 |
| Chrysler, Viking | 6.00-18 | 11.20 | 11.20 | 21.70 |
| Franklin, Hudson, Hupmobile | 6.00-19 | 11.40 | 11.40 | 22.10 |
| LaSalle, Packard | 6.00-20 | 11.50 | 11.50 | 22.30 |
| Pierce-Arrow | 6.00-21 | 11.65 | 11.65 | 22.60 |
| Stutz | 6.50-20 | 13.10 | 13.10 | 25.40 |
| Cadillac, Lincoln | 7.00-20 | 15.35 | 15.35 | 29.80 |

# COMPARE

*Here are the* ***Cold Facts*** *why Firestone gives you* ***Greater Values*** *and* ***Better Service*** *at* ***Lowest Prices!***

| Firestone Way | Mail Order House Way |
|---|---|
| **Do have . . . Organization . Do NOT have** | |
| a special and undivided interest in developing and making Firestone Tires better. — Every employee a stockholder. | a special or undivided interest in tires. |
| **Do have . . . . Rubber . . Do NOT have** | |
| our own men select and buy rubber direct from plantations. Have our own rubber preparation plant and warehouse in Singapore. Have our own large rubber plantations in Liberia. | a rubber preparation plant or warehouse—dependent on others to buy on the rubber exchange or other markets, passing thru many hands, with profits and expenses of handling. |
| **Do have . . . Cotton . . Do NOT have** | |
| our own men select and buy cotton of best staple. Have our own bonded cotton warehouse. Have our own most efficient cord fabric mills. | a bonded cotton warehouse or cord fabric mills — dependent on others to buy and manufacture, passing thru many hands, with profits and expenses of handling. |
| **Do have . . . Factory . . Do NOT have** | |
| our own tire factories—most efficient in the world—daily capacity 75,000 tires — EVERY TIRE MADE IN THESE FACTORIES BEARS THE NAME "FIRESTONE." | a tire factory. They are dependent on those who, for the profits, will risk making Special Brand tires, possibly hoping these tires will not do too well in competition against tires they make and sell under their own name. |
| **Do have . . . Warehouses . . . Do have** | |
| our own warehouses to supply our Service Dealers and Service Stores. | their own warehouses to supply their retail department stores. |
| **Do have . . . Car Owners . . . Do have** | |
| 25,000 experienced Service Dealers and Service Stores where car owners can buy Firestone Tires and get service. | retail department stores and millions of expensive mail order catalogs. Car owners can buy tires over the counter or order by mail. |

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★

# If *and* When

"*If* I knew where to find that dairy I saw advertised the other day, I'd try its milk."

"*When* I locate a dealer, I'll get those radio tubes."

Throw these *if's* and *when's* in the discard. The Where to Buy It Classified Telephone Directory lists the dairies and the radio dealers and services of almost any kind in your vicinity. Among them is the one you saw advertised . . . the one that can serve your needs.

Let the Where to Buy It Directory guide you to a window washer, a laundry, a dressmaker, or any other personal service that you need.

Maybe you want particularly the product of some specific company. Look first to see if it is listed by its *brand name* (many products now are) in the Classified Directory. Following it you will find the names, addresses and telephone numbers of local dealers or service stations.

You'll find the Where to Buy It Directory a daily help with the duties of your household. Use it often.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(*Continued from page 29*)

Sometimes he sat down. Sometimes he moved on, but when he sat down, he didn't have to look around. He knew the chair would be there, and the kid who carried it seemed conscious that he was filling a post of honor, easing the strain on Rockne's failing legs.

I read that youth has no idols nowadays, but they had one at Notre Dame.

At the outset of the same article, Mr. Pegler enumerates some of Rockne's activities in recent years to make a fortune for his wife and children. Thus:

He coached Notre Dame, he ran schools of instruction for coaches, he lectured on the air and on the platform, he sponsored a line of sporting goods, he wrote for the newspapers and magazines, he worked in the movies and the talkies, he joined a brokerage firm, and, recently, after long association with an automobile firm as a sort of cheer-leader for the salesmen, he was made superintendent of promotion, or chief booster.

His health wabbled and he almost died but as soon as he could drive himself back to work, he was back. He was in Rochester, Minnesota; then he bobbed up in Miami. New York saw him for a few days, and then the press associations carried interviews with him given at points along the line toward the Pacific coast.

International Newsreel photograph

Mrs. Rockne Brightened His Few Hours of Rest

He was getting the money so that when he died his wife and kids might have something more substantial to see them through than a library of fair-weather newspaper clippings, loving cups, group photographs of past-grand football teams and pewter footballs washed in gilt.

I always thought Knute was a little bit dazed to find himself a man of such prominence or importance in the country, and that consequently the obligations of all this celebrity away from his campus imposed a strain on his nerves. He was confident but modest, and it was not easy for him to act the part of a great national figure.

But the newspapers and the people insisted that he was great, and, after all, it was pleasant up there where he was among the gods, with the President, Lindbergh, Ruth, and Dempsey. So, altho he never took their word for it literally, he didn't argue against the proposition that he was a great man, and accepted the perquisites of his position against that moment when the plane collapsed over Kansas.

He was sensitive and easily deprest, and one night last fall he was going to resign at Notre Dame and chuck public life because in a rather fulsome essay on his appearance, his achievements and his shrewd intelligence, I had led off by saying that on my first glimpse of him he resembled a retired prize-fighter. He was raging over this when Joe Williams, the sports writer, dropt in. Already he had telephoned a friend in Chicago that he was through.

"Well," Mr. Williams said, "what's the matter with this? It says here that when you get up to speak your wit is like champagne from an old, dented oil-can. I'd say the guy was in love with you from this. What does a fellow have to do to boost you?"

"That stuff about the prize-fighter," said Knute resentfully. "I never was a prize-fighter."

"Well," Mr. Williams insisted, "Tunney was. Maybe it's a boost. And, anyway, now that I take a good look at you, Mr. Rockne, I'd never take you for Barrymore."

In a few days it blew over, says Mr. Pegler. "Knute had been sick again and the worry and stress of his job, and the uncertainty about his recovery had made him irritable."

Some of Rockne's own hard-boiled philosophy is quoted by Robert Harron, also in *The Post*. He said to Mr. Harron the last time he saw him:

"I don't like to lose, and that is not so much because it's just a football game, but because defeat means the failure to reach your objective. I don't want a football player who doesn't take defeat to heart, who laughs it off with the thought: 'Well, there's another one next Saturday.'

"The trouble in American life to-day, in business as well as in sports, is that too many people are afraid of competition. The result is that in some circles people have come to sneer at success if it costs hard work and training and sacrifice.

"That's one of the chief reasons for the sentiment against intercollegiate football, one of the reasons why these people want to cut the schedules, do away with even voluntary spring practise and give us intramural sports in the colleges to the exclusion of everything else.

"If they are not careful, they will have this nation 'softening up.' The kids are all right yet, in spite of the automobile and

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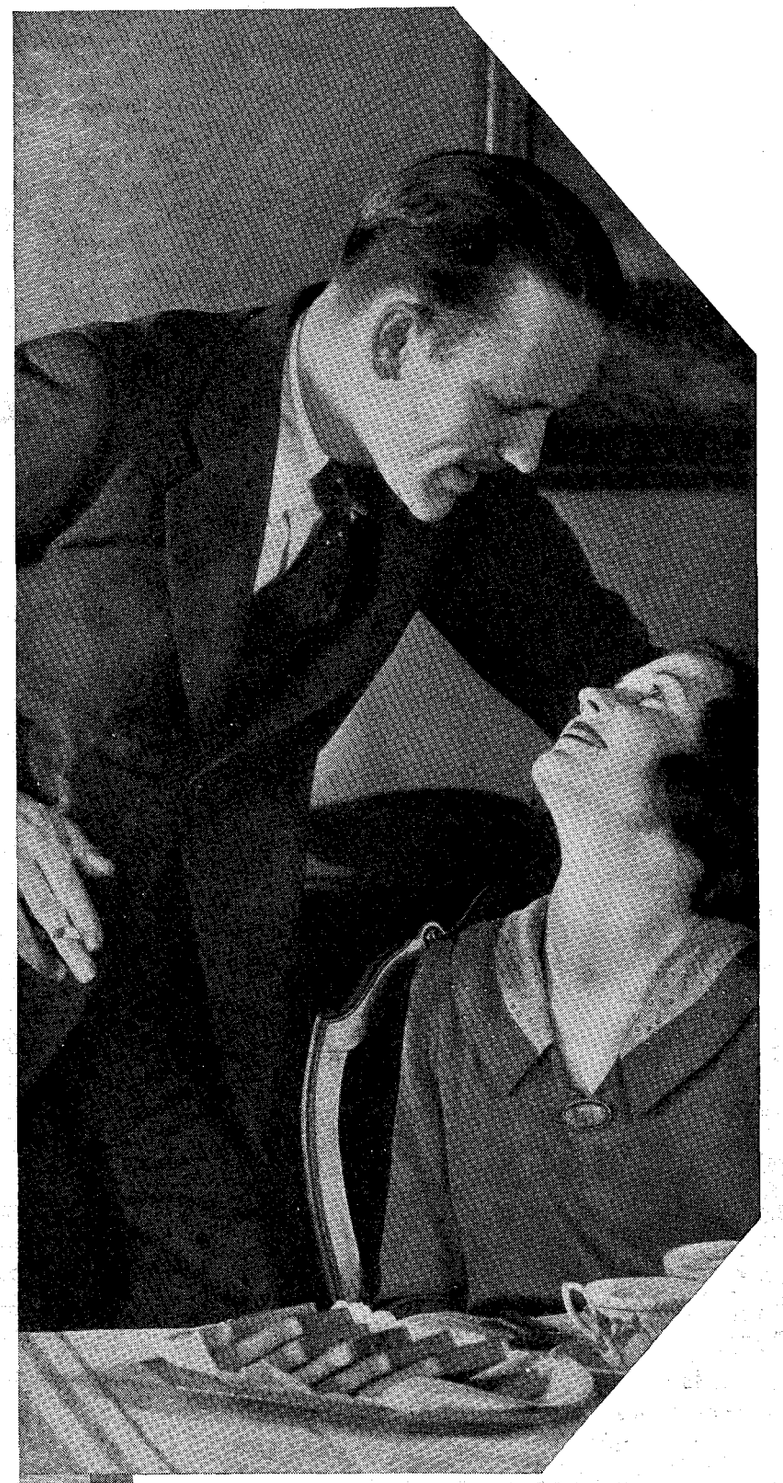

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## "Sure, it's the Clean Taste!"

"It's more than Spud's cooler smoke," he argued. "It's Spud's cleaner taste. Spud isn't just another layer of morning-mouth. And I go on through 2 packs a day . . . yet the old mouth is always moist-cool and comfortably clean. That's why I smoke Spuds, if you really want to know."

Just another proof that Spud is the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Sun-up till sunset . . . puff after puff of Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance . . . yet you're always mouth-happy! Try Spuds for their continual clean taste!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

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**CIGARETTES**

20 FOR 20c (U. S.)...20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

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"Send me up an automobile ...oh, just any make"

COULD anything be more absurd than phoning your corner "automobile store" and saying, "Send me up an automobile . . . oh, just any make"?

Yet that's very much like ordering your car repainted without specifying the material you wish used. Car finishes vary widely in quality, you know.

It is increasingly evident that car owners as well as car makers prefer Duco. We assume that you do. And rightly. For Duco, made only by du Pont, is the finish used on millions of new cars.

Duco will give your car the same durable, lasting beauty it had when new—provided, of course, that you insist upon real Duco, made by du Pont. Not all car finishes are Duco. To insure your own satisfaction, make sure that you get the genuine when buying refinishing or touch-up service.

Wherever you see the authorized Duco sign, you may depend upon getting a genuine Duco job.

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sorority teas and week-end parties in the city."

And in the same connection the New York *Times* reminds us:

Criticism of college football as "overemphasized" he heard with cynical unconcern. That spring practise was one period too many, indulged in at the expense of study, he simply denied.

THE Associated Press in a Chicago dispatch dilates on Rockne's facility as a wisecracker. We quote from the New York *Sun:*

One of Knute's select sayings was:
"Be a good loser, don't beef. But don't lose."
Another one.
"To hell with the guy who'll die for Notre Dame; I want men who will fight to keep it alive."
Once during a practise scrimmage, he yelled:
"Heads up there, Joe; they won't give you a chance to tie your shoes in the Army game."
"Bend your knees, Joe. Throw away your knitting needles and get in the ball game. Remember this is football, rough but manly."

In 1925 Northwestern, one of Notre Dame's major rivals, was beating the fighting Irish 10 to 0 at the end of the half. Disgusted with the stumbling of his players, Rockne walked into the dressing-room between halves, took one disgusted look at the athletes sprawled on the floor and snarled to Assistant Coach Anderson: "Fighting Irish, eh; well, you can have my share of them." Then he walked out.

That Notre Dame team went back into the game fighting mad, and in two successive drives down the field won the game, 13 to 10.

That was the way Rockne did things. He knew the reactions of his players. He knew their individual faults. He knew how to correct them.

Rockne made frequent use of his story-telling capabilities in teaching little but important lessons on the practise field, too. Some of the most choice of this sort were those used to deflate the conceit of players who came to Notre Dame with fancy prep reputations.

Probably his favorite in this category was in the form of his between halves condolence of a huge and highly rated Notre Dame tackle who had found himself consistently brushed aside by his opponent during the first half. "The whole trouble is," Rockne told him confidentially, "that fellow doesn't know who you are. Go out there next half and show him your clippings and he'll let you alone!"

KNUTE ROCKNE is survived by his wife and four children: William, twelve years old; Knute, Jr., nine; Mary Jean, seven, and John, two. One of the most interesting phases of the coach's personal life, adds Robert Harron in the New York *Evening Post*, is the fact that, "altho a graduate of Notre Dame, it was not until 1925 that he embraced the faith upon which his institution is founded."

Mr. Harron tells a story to support the statement that the football played by Rockne's "Nomads" was clean, tho hard. Thus:

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A veteran Army lineman told of an instance in which he came into the Notre Dame game with an injured and well-advertised knee. His Notre Dame opponent on the other side of the scrimmage line inquired which was the injured knee, and received a truthful answer. The Army star said later that he was not whacked on that knee all afternoon. Rockne's coaching ethics had something to do with that show of sportsmanship.

If he liked a coach, he would never beat him by a large score, relates the New York *World-Telegram* in an editorial, which runs on:

But there is a classic instance from the last season in which he wreaked vengeance upon a coach who had double-crossed one of Rockne's friends.

There is the other classic instance of the young quarter-back who came to him on the field one day and said:

"Coach, I'd like to leave early to-day to do a little work. I want to go to the fraternity dance to-night."

"O. K.," Rockne said.

The player did not start the next game. Rockne explained, "I'm saving you." Each subsequent game he gave the same explanation, until at the last quarter of the last game, when the boy reminded him, "When do I go in?" Rockne said, "I'm saving you—for the junior prom."

The sequel softens the story some. The victim of this cruel irony, taught the "lesson" that one man must not hamper ten other teammates, was given a regular berth at quarter.

Rockne held the extreme loyalty of his former players. When he sent out a call last winter for ex-stars to play in the charity game here with the professional Giants, thirty-five accepted within twenty-four hours.

The high points of Rockne's career are thus tabulated by an Associated Press correspondent at South Bend:

1888—Born in Voss, Norway.

1893—Came with parents to Chicago.

1907-1911—Attended Northwest Division High School, Chicago.

1911—Enrolled at Notre Dame just so he could be with his first two "pals."

1911-1913—Starred as end on Notre Dame's football teams. Also starred in track and pole-vaulting.

1918—Selected as football coach at Notre Dame. First year football record: won 3, lost 1, tied 2; scoring 133 points to opponents' 39.

1919-1920—First gained attention in football world by leading Notre Dame's team through two years without defeat, scoring 626 points in eighteen games to opponents' 68.

1924—Gave to the football world what was regarded as the greatest football machine of history—a team led by the famous "Four Horsemen." Team captured ten straight games.

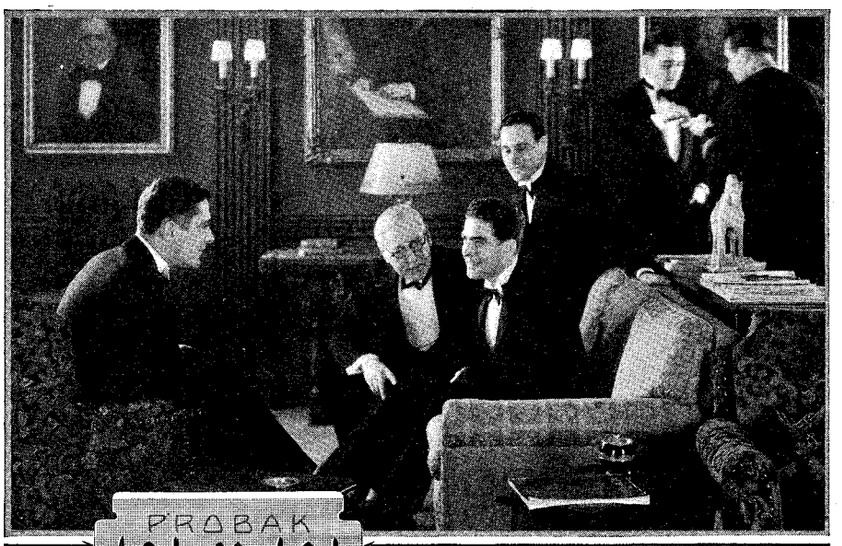
1928—Rockne and Notre Dame experienced their poorest football season since he became coach, winning five and losing four games.

1929—Forced to bed for several months by leg infection, but gained greater fame as team ripped through to victory over ten opponents.

1930—Came back with "Notre Dame's greatest team," a team which capped its undefeated march by crushing Southern California.

1931—Became superintendent in charge of sales for an automobile corporation.


# *A ripple of Good will ... that became a wave of Preference*




IMMEDIATELY—from the very day of its first introduction—Probak made enthusiastic friends. In clubroom and Pullman, office and hotel, word flashed from man to man, "The shock-absorbing Probak is a marvelous blade." This ripple of praise has grown into a tidal wave of demand.

Millions of men in every part of the world say Probak is the best double-edge blade ever built—depend on it morning after morning to give them barber-shop shaving satisfaction in their own bathrooms. And Probak does this very thing—glides through heavy beard with light, easy, smooth strokes that give you an entirely new conception of safety-razor performance.

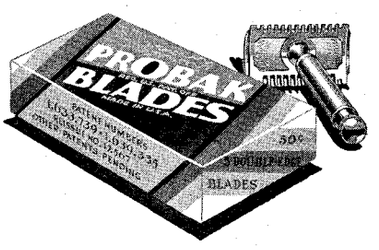
## Gaisman Process

Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture—inventions of Henry J. Gaisman—make Probak revolutionary in every respect. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel absolutely prevents edge distortion when this blade is clamped in your double-edge razor. Ribbons of raw steel are treated, ground, honed and finished in one continuous operation—eliminating human error and positively assuring uniform high quality.

## Positive Guarantee

Get acquainted with the super-keen Probak. Buy a package. Use two blades. Shave with perfect comfort quickly, easily, without effort—or return the package and get your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

*For Gillette and Probak Razors*

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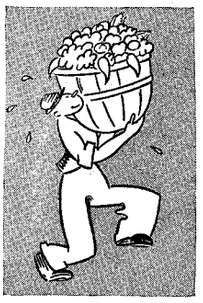
# Let's have a GARDEN—*a Gator-Hide garden . . .*

A garden where you can pick your own tender, sink-your-teeth-into-it sweet corn . . . luscious vine-ripened tomatoes . . . crisp, crinkly lettuce . . . green peas whose pods are bursting with sweetness . . . flowers with gorgeous blooms . . . fruits of delicate flavor — all in greater abundance, bigger, better, earlier than ever before.

You can have all this . . . in your own backyard . . . this season, if you'll bring up your garden under *Gator-Hide Mulch Paper.* Gator-Hide banishes the drudgery of weeding . . . holds moisture in the soil . . . stimulates plant growth . . . brings in fruits, flowers and vegetables days or weeks ahead of their place on the calendar.



A Gator-Hide garden is full of goodness . . . fun. When you plant through Gator-Hide you do the whole summer's job in one operation. You lay Gator-Hide . . . and it's easy to lay . . . punch holes through it . . . put in your seeds or transplant your seedlings . . . wash your hands and watch your garden grow . . . grow as it has never grown before.

That's a Gator-Hide Garden . . . the garden you can have . . . this year. Try the Garden Package of Gator-Hide for $1. It will make you an enthusiastic member of the Gator-Hide Garden Club . . . give you a taste of the joy of growing a garden without drudgery . . . the pleasure of bringing to your table your own home-grown fruits, flowers and vegetables, full of flavor, freshness and beauty. Send the coupon today. *Spring is here!*

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## The Wild Bull of the Pampas Grazes in the Pastures Now

THE "great hulk of a man, with uncombed and overlong locks, great hairy paws instead of hands, and slouchy dress" grinned expansively. He reached into his pocket and "extracted a frayed Christmas card which bore, in fancy lettering, the message, 'Greetings from Jack and Estelle.'"

"Jack good fellow," he said with an expansive grin. "Like to fight Jack again."

The big fellow's dozen luncheon guests, gathered around a table in a Buenos Aires restaurant, all saw the same thing in their minds' eyes—

A brightly lighted prize-fight ring in

Acme Newspicture

### Now the Battler Does the Daily Grind Sitting Down

New York, and "the then unconquerable Jack Dempsey" knocked out of it by the fist of the mountainous Luis Angel Firpo. Altho Dempsey won the fight, this misadventure provided New York with the most thrilling moment in its prize-fight history, according to Ward Morehouse in the New York *Sun.*

Mr. Morehouse, during a recent South American tour, was careful to look up Firpo when he reached Buenos Aires. And how different he found the Firpo of to-day from the ring sensation of the '20's. And yet how like. Firpo is a rich man, Mr. Morehouse assures us. "He's a business man. He owns buildings—twenty, they say. He has a rancho, three cars, two dogs,, a canary which he keeps in a gigantic Chinese-red cage; a secretary, a penthouse, and a good-looking wife. One of his friends told me that he is worth $3,000,000; another's guess was $2,000,000. Firpo, when that subject comes up, shrugs his massive shoulders and silently gnaws away at his barbecued lamb."

In Argentina Firpo is an institution, we are told. He follows pugilistic affairs closely, has his opinions of the present-day crop of fighters, and says that he'd like one

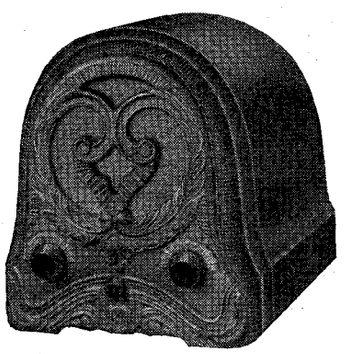

*Famous Anachronisms No. 6*

**Friday: "A ship! A ship!"**

**Crusoe: "Calm yourself, Friday. I've known it since Tuesday. I was *there* with a Crosley."**

ALTHOUGH the sight of a rescue ship on the horizon threw Friday into ecstacies, it had no visible effect on the blood pressure of Robinson Crusoe. Robinson was as inwardly sure of being rescued as he was outwardly calm about it. Before the vessel had left port he had the news. *Robinson Crusoe was THERE with a Crosley.* You, too, can be *THERE* with a Crosley when great future events occur.

*These Anachronisms are the basis for an interesting radio program from WLW, Cincinnati, (700 K.C., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:30 E. T.*



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**$39.75** Complete with tubes

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Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

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CROSLEY RADIO


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more battle. Mr. Morehouse in *The Sun* pictures him thus on his native heath:

When he sits at Jimmy's for his noontime coffee, friends and admirers swarm about him. Passers-by stop and speak to him. When he strolls the teeming Calle Florida, the Rue de la Paix of B. A., the traffic cops salute him.

His slouching, elephantine figure is familiar to those who frequent the Hippodrome Argentine race-course and to those who go for their dancing and their Pol Roger at the Armenonville. And to the bargemen along the mighty Rio de la Plata, Luis Angel is a god.

This Argentine Goliath (I refuse to call him the Wild Bull of the Pampas), who came from behind the prescription counter to receive eighty dollars for his first ring appearance—it was in Santiago, and he paid $110 to get there—and who a year or so later catapulted Jack Dempsey through the ropes, now sells automobiles.

It has been four years since his last fight, and in those four years he hasn't had on gloves more than a dozen times.

Will he fight again?

He says that he wants one more fight, but I am not convinced. He's flabby and contented, and I'm sure that he'd get more excitement out of selling that flashy red car with the French body on exhibit at the front of his showroom than in flattening Sharkey or hurling Schmeling on the laps of the spectators.

Schmeling he regards as "not much." Stribling is "all right." Sharkey is "very good." Carnera has "no skill" and "won't last."

FIRPO entertained Mr. Morehouse at luncheon in Buenos Aires. At the table, we read, were:

Charles Clement of the Argentine Consulate in New York, Maurice D. Polsky, his secretary; Nicolas Preciosa, his rubber, and several effusive gentlemen whose names I did not get. During the long-drawn-out salami course, Horacio Lavalle, one of the Firpo seconds in the Dempsey fight, arrived and became guest number thirteen. The waiter brought the beccassins on a great silver platter. They were smothered in tomatoes and onions, and with the bird course went the wine called trapiche, both red and white.

Firpo drank only mineral water, but he consumed five of the birds in addition to several platefuls of salami, and passed a bird, a whole one, to a velvety black cat that was purring at his feet.

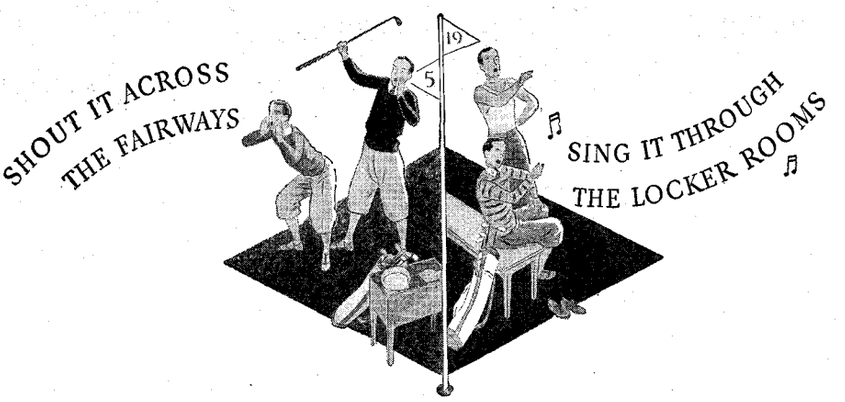
After the birds came fruits, pears, grapes, and Chilean peaches. Our host partook of none of it, he was disdainful of the liquors, but consumed two peach melbas, and looked as if he wanted more.

The almost-champion of the heavyweight division speaks Italian in addition to his Spanish and a smattering of English. But perhaps you couldn't call it that.

Charles Clement gave the answers to my questions, and now and then Firpo would nod or break in with an "all right" or a "that's good." And he always grinned expansively and a little fatuously.

He said, via the accommodating Clement, that he now weighs 240 pounds, but my guess would have been 275. When he fought Dempsey he weighed 218. He said he could get in shape again in six months.

He is often told, and he firmly believes, that he is the strongest man in the Argentine. I asked the inevitable question: "Did he shove or knock Dempsey out of


# THE NEW-SIZE KRO-FLITE

## *is just as long as the old!*

MANY MONTHS AGO, when all the talk about the new 1.68, 1.55 ball crystallized into its official adoption by the United States Golf Association, the chief of the Spalding golf ball experts called a meeting of his men.

To them, he threw this startling challenge: "Gentlemen, I believe we can make the Kro-Flite in this new size without sacrificing one yard of distance!"

It sounded hopeless to the others. Retain old-ball distance in the new size and weight? Incredible! It was against the laws of physics—against every law governing golf ball manufacture.

But the speaker had some theories about Kro-Flite's patented vulcanized cover. This cover made Kro-Flite the toughest golf ball in the world. But, in addition, it was one of the secrets of Kro-Flite's length.

He continued: "I'm convinced that our special cover will permit refinements in manufacture that will offset the distance lost by increased size and decreased weight. Yes, unless my knowledge of physics and ballistics is playing tricks on me, we can hope for a new-size Kro-Flite every bit as long as the old."

With that hope to spur them, the Spalding experts started their work—backed by the greatest golf laboratory in the world, and by the experience accumulated in the 34 years since Spalding made the first golf ball ever made in America. As is the history of most great achievements, the first efforts met with failure.

But the day came when the Driving Machine showed that the latest batch of new-size Kro-Flites sailed and landed every bit as far as the old!

Naturally, the Spalding experts were elated. But what would happen when the new-size balls were being made by thousands?

So over a period of several weeks—on the Driving Machines at Chicopee, Mass., and Pinehurst, N. C.—in varying weather conditions—they tested hundreds of Kro-Flites.

In every test these amazing balls sailed out further than any of the experts had hoped this ball in the new size *could* go. Except in the teeth of a gale the ball sailed out, out as far as the old Kro-Flite. And, riding with the wind, it was even longer than the old!

All doubts were gone. Spalding had succeeded in making a new-size golf ball that sacrificed not one yard of distance! And in this achievement, Spalding stands absolutely alone.

The nearest approach to it is found in the Spalding ball, which the Driving Machine shows to be slightly short of 1930 distance. But it is longer than any other ball made in the new size. It is still the longest ball in the world. Your Professional will supply you. So will any Spalding Dealer or Spalding Store.

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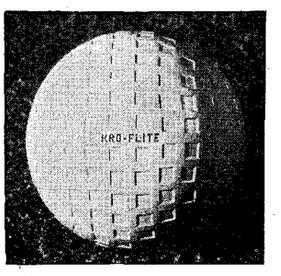
KRO-FLITE

*made by Spalding*

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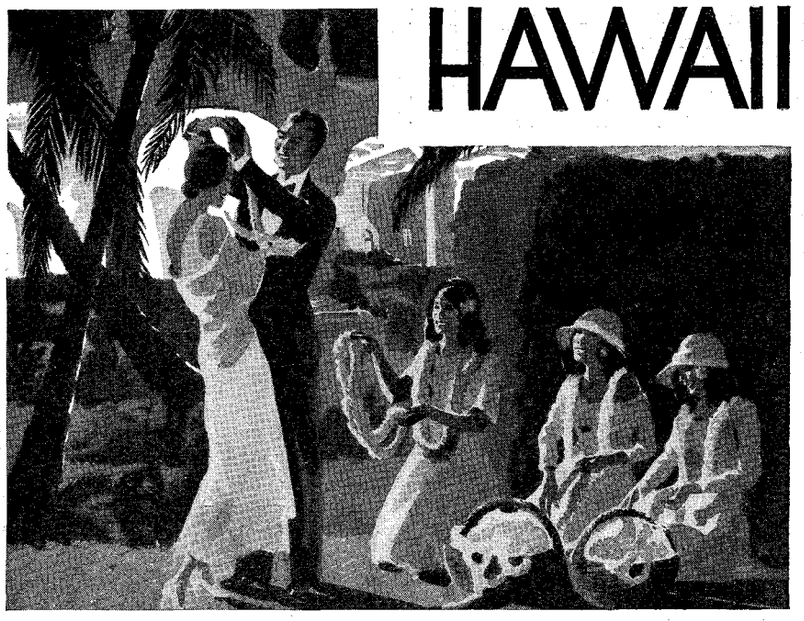
Leis? Before your ship docks you admire these strands of colored fragrance. Yellow plumeria, white and red carnations, white and yellow ginger blossoms, orange ilima, gardenias . . . Before you are many days in the life of Hawaii you are wearing them to dinner parties, at dances, native feasts. Through the custom of the flower lei Hawaii brings you its friendliness and its unbelievable beauty and profusion of flowers.

Hawaii offers: Luxurious hotels. Modest inns and cottages. Twenty golf courses. Cost? Base the estimate of the cost of your trip on the fact that *All-inclusive-cost* tours from Pacific Coast ports and return, can be enjoyed for less than $350—some even lower than $300—with good accommodations afloat and ashore. Write for full information.

In the evening, on your way to the dance you'll stop and buy a lei—perhaps of gardenias, and pay ... 50 cents



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the ring on that memorable night in 1923?"

Clement turned to his friend, but Firpo sensed the question—he didn't need the Spanish. "I hit him," he said, and then he raised his great fist. Preciosa, the rubber, swallowed a bird's backbone as he ducked.

Firpo doesn't smoke. He drinks beer occasionally, and I saw him drink some of the Pommery and Greno that he paid for in the grand salon at Armenonville. He likes night clubs, and dances constantly with the Armenonville hostesses, some of the more diminutive of them appearing to be frightened for their lives as he whirls them about the floor in his great bear hug.

Some of the girls prefer not to dance with him, but they never refuse him. For all his bulk he achieves the tango rather gracefully. It's something that he hadn't learned and might have used on the evening of the Dempsey affair.

The showroom at Luis Angel's automobile agency "is a thing of beauty," we are told as we continue:

Modernistic lighting, tile flooring, and a highly decorative Egyptian frieze near the ceiling. In his penthouse he has a motion-picture machine and a screen, and a collection of brightly drest dolls. His favorite game is the Argentine bidou. He generally wears gray shirts, and his gold and diamond-studded cuff links are engraved with LAF. He says he'll leave for New York—fly to New York—in four months to talk fight. If he does go, I'm sure he'll talk automobiles instead of fight.

## Coming Woes of Listeners-in

GRAKLE or Gregalach?

One of them was sure of the victory. They "were heading for the last fence," and the listener, seated in front of the radio, could fairly see them as they cleared it.

"Gregalach was going to win. No; Grakle was sure to win. Now Gregalach was coming on again. Gregalach! Gregalach! No, he couldn't quite make it. Grakle is out in front. Grakle will win. Grakle wins! It's all over."

Thus Grakle won the Grand National, Aintree's annual classic. "A great race," John Kieran tells us in the New York *Times* at the end of his convincing description. It was Mr. Kieran who "saw" the race over the radio, and he tells us that the broadcast was a success. Yet, in this connection, he envisions a day when there may be trouble connected with the broadcasting of a foreign sports event. For example:

If this practise of broadcasting foreign sports events is to become a custom, the overlords of the sports world will be faced with the same difficulty that confronts the movie magnates in the matter of sound pictures.

Silent pictures can be shown anywhere in the world, and the captions or titles can be put in many languages. But when it comes to talking, an announcer can speak only one language at a time, and that will necessarily limit the field of appreciative listeners.

For instance, there is the Davis Cup final round in tennis, which will be played at the Stade Roland Garros at Auteuil,

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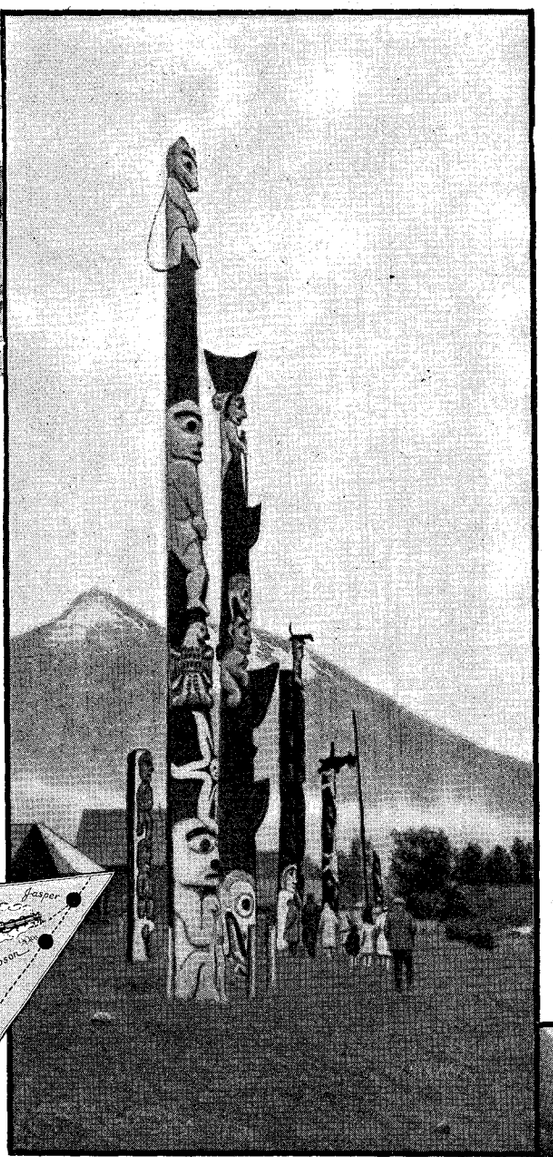
# The famous 5 day TRIANGLE TOUR of the Canadian Rockies

## and KITWANGA strange land of the Totem

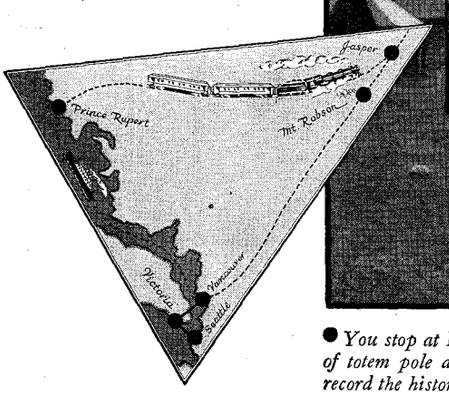


HERE is a trip through the scenic heart of the Canadian Rockies—and a 600-mile ocean voyage through the famous Inside Passage where the mountains, themselves, come down to the sea.

See Mt. Robson, armoured giant of the Canadian Rockies . . . visit Jasper National Park—golf on its famous championship course—ride over mountain-trails. Travel on to Kitwanga—strange land of totem poles, and the famous "River of Clouds." Cruise from Prince Rupert, through the fjords of the Pacific Coast, to Vancouver—returning to Jasper by rail along the roaring Fraser and Thompson River Gorges. Or reverse the order and start at Vancouver to climax with the wonders of Jasper. Visit or write the nearest Canadian National office for complete information.

Free—to you, at your club, or your church a choice of 50 motion picture travel-stories on Canada. Films, projector and operator will be provided on application to any of the Canadian National offices below.

● *Here is the route of the 5 day Triangle Tour. Canadian National also operates a daily north and south bound steamship service connecting Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.*




● *You stop at Kitwanga long enough to see the many examples of totem pole art found here. Fascinating and grotesque, they record the history and legends of the Indian aristocracy. Today totem pole carving is fast becoming a lost art, for the Indian has adopted the white man's tombstones—carving on them symbols similar to those on the colorful totems of Kitwanga.*

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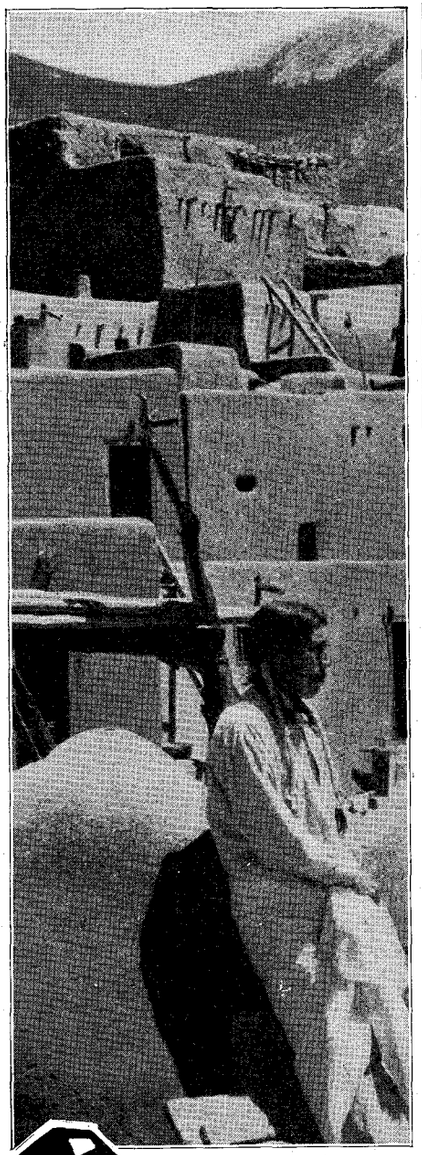

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France. If broadcast in French, some of the tennis fans in this territory might be confused as to the progress of the matches.

Max Schmeling might fight Primo Carnera in Germany for the heavyweight title. Interpreters would have to take turns at the microphone.

And what will happen when the Olympic Games go back to Athens at some future time? No matter how vivid and accurate the verbal description of the native announcer, the program will be Greek to most listeners.

## Taming the Sports Slangsters

"THE Crab bingled to center for one station with the hassocks crowded and then pilfered the next cushion."

The sports writer who composed that sentence meant that Evers had singled with the bases full and had stolen second. But you had to be very much of an initiate to know it.

But the day is happily past, according to Westbrook Pegler, in an article copyrighted by the Chicago *Tribune* and quoted from the New York *Evening Post*, when the writer who keeps farthest from plain English in a description of a ball game or a fight is looked upon as a genius.

Once, however, Mr. Pegler reminds us, "it was regarded as a professional *faux pas* to write of a hit or refer to the baseball as the baseball." Further:

I remember when a hit was a bingle, clout, poke, belt, slam, wallop, sock, crash or whack, at the discretion of the writer in the press coop, but never, by any stretch of the imagination, just a hit.

The baseball, by the same token, whatever that means, was the pellet, pill, sphere, globule, apple, onion, potato, radish, or tomato, or, sometimes, the cantaloup, and to call it a baseball in print was to plead guilty of laziness or bad taste.

It seemed almost as tho hit, baseball, and other legitimate terms were dirty words.

Incidentally, it was Mr. Ping Bodie, the stationary outfielder of the Yankees and roommate of Babe Ruth, who suggested the vegetable style of slang terms for the baseball. He used to say that he might be a terrible outfielder, but that he sure could sock that apple. He was absolutely right on both counts.

THE nomenclature "hasn't improved much," however, we learn as we read on:

Every athlete by the name of Walter who becomes famous is a sure thing to be called "Sir Walter." Thus "Sir Walter" Hagen and "Sir Walter" Johnson. I take it that there is some remote reference to Walter Raleigh, but I don't get the connection, and the idea strikes me as punk. Walter Maranville of the Braves is an exception, but he became the "Rabbit" or the "Rab," because he was so little.

A big fat guy will be called "Babe" or "Tiny" unless he happens to be a big, fat, frowzy guy, in which case he is a sure thing to be called "Tarzan." The name of "Babe" also seems to apply automatically to all athletes by the name of Herman. There is a curious preference for this name of Herman. There have been about a dozen fighters who adopted it since it was first used by a lightweight fighter in Chicago about twenty-five years ago, but there is


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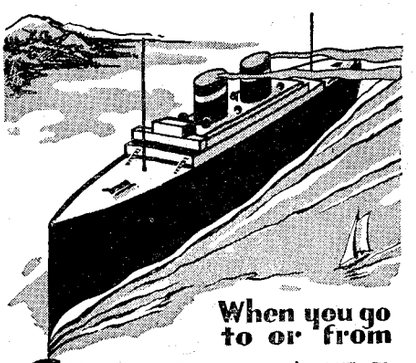

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no point in going into the mystery of that. They are very fond of the name Corbett, too. This is much easier to understand.

There is some very good professional slang among the ball players, but, somehow, it doesn't seem to lend itself very readily to baseball reporting. They call pitchers who are easy for them, cousins, and in the last couple of years they have spoken of any gabby party as a barber, and of long-winded conversation as barbering. Among the umpires the one who works at third base in a big series is called the ukulele umpire, because he doesn't have much to do and ought to have a ukulele out there to while the time away.

But, while this is graphic enough to the players and umps, it needs interpretation on paper.

## The Girl Who Fanned Babe Ruth

A "SNIP-NOSED, blue-eyed girl," with seventeen summers to her credit, and known to her friends as Jackie, took over the pitcher's box and faced the great Babe Ruth.

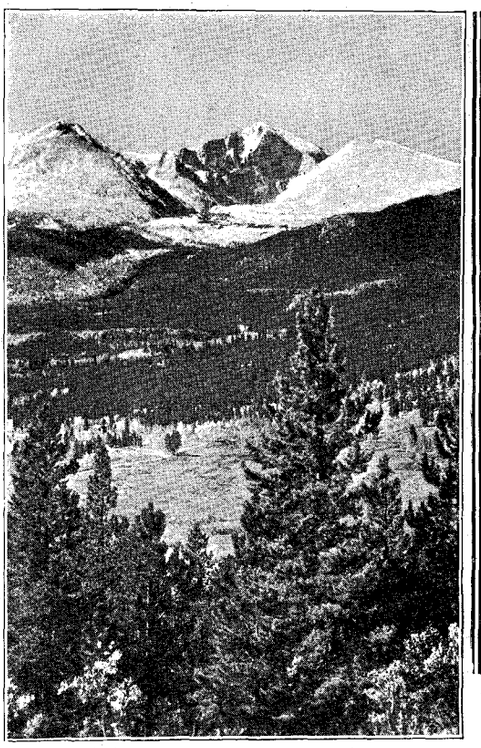
Always gallant, Rud Rennie proceeds in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the Babe tipped his hat, drew her attention to the fact that there was a man on first, and assumed an easy batting stance. The man on first meant nothing in Jackie's young life. She wound up as if she were turning a coffee-grinder, and pitched. Lary could have stolen second and third and been half-way home, and the Babe could have knocked the ball onto the outlying railroad tracks." But neither did what he might have done, we are told as we read on:

Lary stayed where he was, and the Babe, taking careful aim, swung and missed the ball by a foot. The next two pitches were wide, and the Babe pretended her speed was making the ball sail, and called for a new ball. He swung again at the next one and missed. Then, seeing one come along that looked like a strike, he took it, and went back to the bench shaking his head. Jackie, a southpaw, had, to all intents and purposes, fanned the Babe.

Gehrig came next. He took three hefty swings, and sat down. You could hear Jackie's girl friends squealing delightedly.

THEN "Lazzeri swung at one, fouled another, and eventually walked. The fans were beginning to be bored." As Chapman came to bat, Jackie was taken out and, as Mr. Rennie remarks elsewhere, "sent back to the kitchen for further seasoning." Such was the début of Jackie, otherwise Miss Virnie Beatrice Jackie Mitchell, organized baseball's only woman player, as pitcher for the Chattanooga team of the Southern League. Jackie, says a dispatch to the New York *Sun*, is the daughter of a local optician, and is enrolled in Signal School, a private preparatory school for girls. Further:

Her parents explain that she was a sickly child, but, urged to participate in outdoor sports to build up her health, soon displayed a marked aptitude for baseball. Last year she pitched for a team called the Engletts in a girls' baseball league and,

*Long's Peak in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado*

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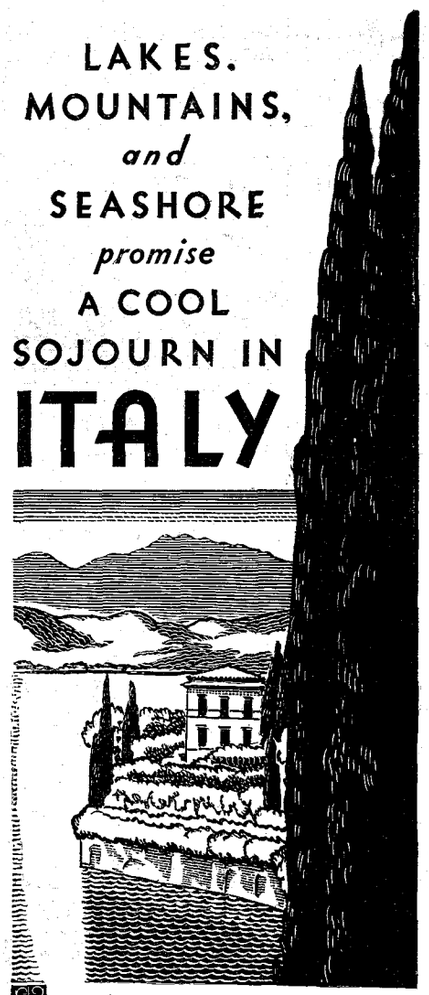

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according to Engel, demonstrated her fitness for a Southern League berth.

Her career apparently has baseball fans guessing. Thus we read in the Washington *Evening Star*.

Old-time fans are beginning to wonder whether a new era is not dawning in the game, the era of femininity. True, there have been woman baseball players, some of them practically professional, but nobody has ever taken them very seriously.

This Mitchell girl seems to be in a class

Acme

## From Fan to Fanner

by herself. She is regularly enrolled as one of Manager Joe Engel's pennant-seeking team, and it is understood that she is to be given her regular turn in the box during the season.

If she is not a crocus player, as the late John Linney used to call the spring wonders who faded with the first breath of warm weather, Jackie will be the sensation of the year.

It is the gallantry of the Messrs. Ruth and Gehrig that interests the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which, assuring us that "the bravest are the tenderest," continues:

Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig are both Sultans in the Sovereignty of Swat. But when the two Yankee sluggers, playing in an exhibition game this week with the Chattanooga nine, faced Jackie Mitchell, organized baseball's only girl pitcher, of course they struck out. Her curves were too much for them!

Was it humor on their part, or romance, or was it, as Wagner would say, just the spring?

So men have been doing ever since the days of Atalanta. Sometimes they make a mistake, as Achilles did when he slew


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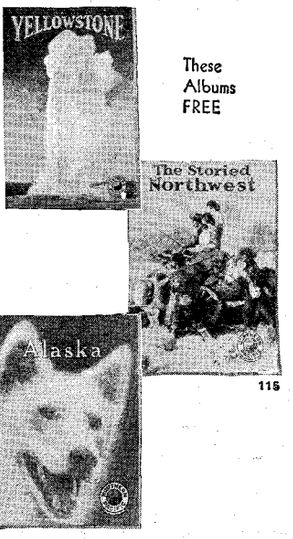


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Penthesilea, the Amazon queen, before the walls of Troy, and it grieves them. In general their attitude is that of Bob Fitzsimmons, champion heavyweight, when he exhibited a black-eye, and with a proud grin explained:

"The little woman thinks she can lick me!"

## Making a Tennis Champ to Order

THE mighty wallop of Frank Hunter. Bill Tilden's chop-stroke. The will-to-win of Henri Cochet.

If tennis genius were for sale, what qualities would you buy for yourself?

Big Bill Tilden, the champion who turned pro, brings up the subject in *Tennis*, the publication of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

"What a wonderful thing it would be," he suggests, "if we could borrow or buy any stroke from any player and make it our own, even for a day."

What qualities would Big Bill choose? Well, he has this to say in his brief article in *Tennis:*

First, I would take Doeg's service. I would do this with a respectful bow to that of Frank Shields, Wilmer Allison, George Lott, and even my own, but in the final decision I would take Doeg because he has greater consistent speed, twist, and control than any in the world to-day.

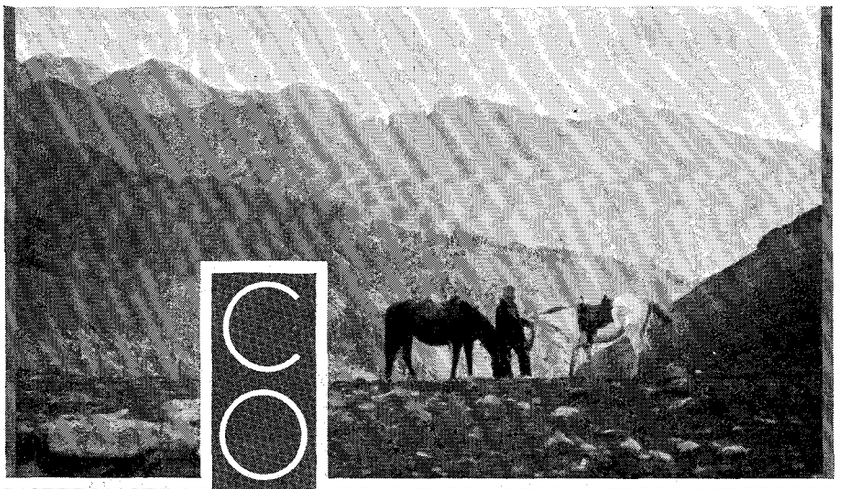
Second, I would choose Cochet's forehand drive. This I would only do after regretfully passing up the mighty wallop of Frank Hunter, the marvelously controlled speed of Junior Coen, and the cleverly disguised guile of Sidney Wood and Clifford Sutter, while I took a respectful glance at Mopurgo's and Austin's beautifully produced shots. But Cochet's drive has greater variety of attack and defense than any of them, while his control is faultless.

Third, I would choose the backhand drive of René Lacoste. Even the soundness of Karel Kozeluh, the subtlety of Henri Cochet, or the variety of my own would not turn me away from the mechanical perfection of the great French star at his best. Lacoste makes fewer errors off and wins more points with his backhand than any man who has ever played tennis.

Fourth, I would choose the overhead of Jean Borotra. It would be a difficult thing to pass over that marvelous point winner of Henri Cochet's, or the devastating hurricanes of George Lott, John Doeg, Frank Shields, and Wilmer Allison; but I believe that from all points in the court Jean Borotra is to-day the greatest smasher in the world. His only equals in the past were M. E. McLoughlin and Gerald Patterson. Borotra wins more points outright off difficult lobs than Cochet, and for this reason I pick his smash.

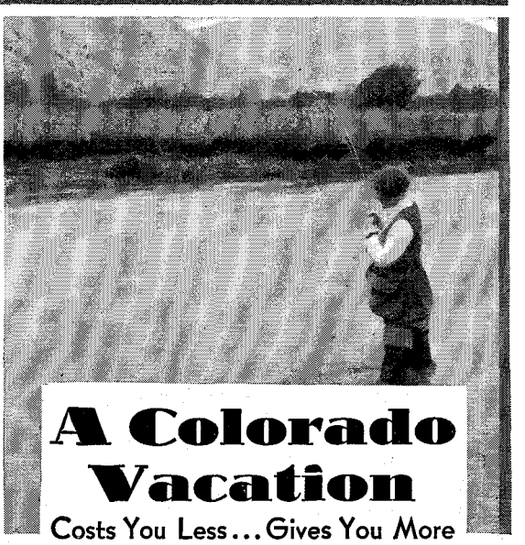
Mr. Tilden's composite player is really, it develops, a Who's Who of the courts. Presently he comes to the "Fifthly" of his discourse, saying:

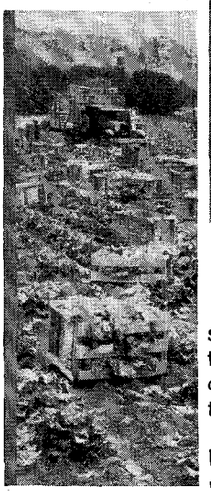
I would choose the volley of Vincent Richards. I do this altho I consider Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet and, at his best, Bill Johnston, his superiors as high volleyers. I recognize in George Lott, Frank Shields, and Sidney Wood a trio of phenomenal volleyers, but for consistent play

COLORFUL COLORADO

TOP: The perpetually cool high places offer thousands of miles of summer paradise. RIGHT: The Cache la Poudre River is one of Colorado's famous trout streams. BELOW: Harvesting extra-vitamin mountain lettuce, along upper Rio Grande, in the San Luis Valley.





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of all volleys, from the ankles to the shoulders, there is not and never has been any one as aggressive yet reliable as Vincent Richards.

Sixth, I would choose the half-volley of Henri Cochet. Even the brilliance of R. N. Williams 2d with this stroke does not equal the marvelous use in attack and defense of the world champion.

Seven, I would pick my own chop stroke, due to its variation of speed depth and direction, and having done so I now start to dodge the rocks coming my way.

Eighth, I would take my own drop-shot or that of George Lott. Mine is more consistent, but his has greater cut that drops it shorter and with less bound.

Ninth, I would choose the court-covering ability of Karel Kozeluh or Henri Cochet.

Tenth, I would choose the match courage and will-to-win of Jean Borotra, Frank Hunter, or Henri Cochet—any one of them.

Eleventh, I would pick the tactics of Henri Cochet.

If there is any one who will allow me to acquire the collection of assets that I have outlined above and would care to play me, I'm willing.

## Bobby Jones Upsets Hollywood

THE "Emperor Jones" found a new world to conquer when he stept off the train in Hollywood, to make his golf-teaching talkies.

And he conquered it, too.

But for all of that, Bobby is still Bobby.

His public, you'll recall, wondered what Hollywood would do to him.

But now it turns out that all the worry was lost mental motion.

The important thing is not what Hollywood is doing to Bobby, but what Bobby is doing to Hollywood.

Cameramen, grease-paint artists, stars and directors, never exactly indifferent to the lure of the links, have gone golf in a big way.

Movieland, according to a Consolidated Press dispatch by Francis J. Powers, "is having difficulty attending to business since Jones arrived."

Bobby is making his series with all-star casts, it develops in Mr. Powers's narrative. Moreover:

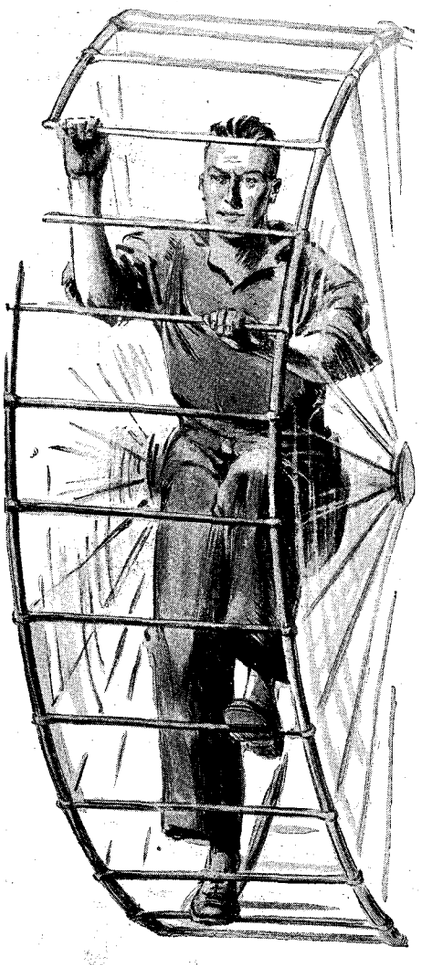
All of the famous stars on the Warner lot are eager to get into Bob's pictures and furnish the necessary background.

In his first three reels, Jones was supported by such noted performers as Dick Barthelmess, Frank Craven, Joe Brown, Charles Winninger, and Vivian Oakland. Others will make their appearance in later episodes.

But it is the technical crew assigned to the filming of Jones that has been hit hardest by the golf germ.

George Marshall, Bob's director, is one of the Pacific coast's low-handicap golfers, but he has gone in for Jones's instructional theories so strongly that it often is necessary to summon him from the practise greens when the cameramen are ready to "roll it over."

"Chuck" Davis, the veteran "head grip" of the Warner crews, never paid much attention to golf until Jones arrived,

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but one day recently he astonished the outfit by turning up in knickers, snappy hose and cap.

The climax of Hollywood's metamorphosis to golf came when Otto, the veteran make-up man, who puts the grease-paint on Jones, was seen at a discreet distance practising shots with a borrowed mashie.

Golf terms have replaced the ordinary slang of the movie business, and a cameraman lining up for a long shot of Bob was heard to remark: "Move that chair, it's got me stymied!"

When Jones was working on the reel devoted to putting, the director called upon him to sink a twelve-footer. Bob walked away from the camera man and practised the stroke for a few minutes. But he did not quite have the touch, and it required several attempts before he could hole the long one under the camera's eye.

When the stunt was completed, Frank Craven dropt a ball on the spot from which Jones had putted and holed it on the first attempt.

But Craven is that sort of fellow.

George Marshall is weaving the thread of a story into each episode of Jones's pictures. It can not be much of a plot, since the chapters require only ten minutes to show.

One of the pictures opens in a court-room. A man has been struck with a golf ball, and the judge asks to have the shot demonstrated in the court-room. Attorneys protest that it would be done better on a golf course, but his honor objects to holding court on a fairway, until some one remarks that Bob Jones is practising at a certain club. Then the judge orders the entire court to appear on the course, and the way is opened for Bob to explain certain shots.

STRANGELY enough, says Mr. Powers, Bobby likes that part of motion-pictures which most actors detest—retakes. And why? "I like the idea of being able to play a shot over again if I make a mess of it," he explains. "In fact, there were several times last summer when such an opportunity would have been greatly welcomed." We read on:

Jones is quite serious in his efforts to make his pictures of practical value to the duffer.

"I never would have consented to make these pictures for the silent films," he says. "Talking-pictures give me the opportunity to tell just what passes through my mind when making different shots, something a spectator could not begin to fathom through the use of subtitles. With the talking-pictures I can explain the difficulties of a shot and how I propose to meet them."

Jones hopes to have his series completed early in May, as he wants to get back East in time for the big tournaments of June. He is showing as much enthusiasm for watching the championships from the galleries as he ever did for playing in them.

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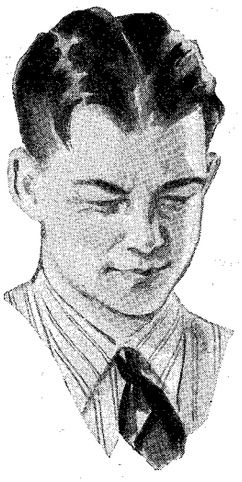
THE interesting map in our issue of March 21, showing the areas where the Red Cross is giving drought relief, is copyrighted by the American Map Company of New York.

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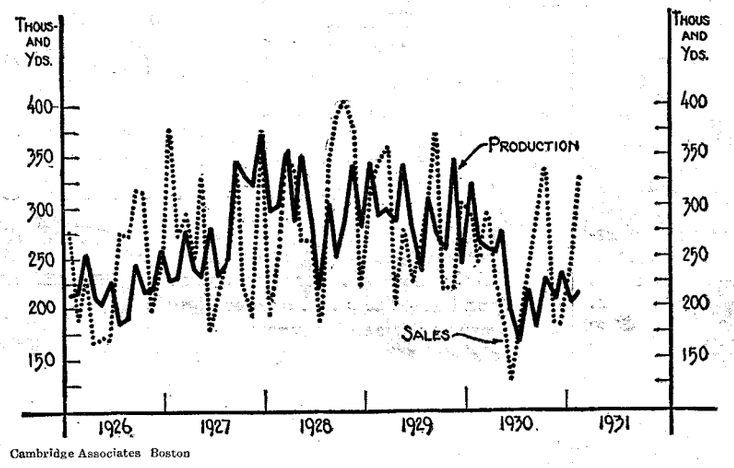
# The Textile Upturn

THE COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRY went into decline long before many other industries did.

Well, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "it may be the first one to revive, thanks possibly in part to the greater yardage required by fashion in making women's skirts."

Some of the Government's experts in Washington have been taking the time to figure out that a half billion yards more cloth were worn Easter Sunday by women than was the case a year ago, tho just how they arrived at this conclusion it is hard to say.

But, any way, Mr. J. C. Royle says in one of his Washington letters on business subjects that women are undoubtedly buying more textiles than they were some months ago and "that is the reason for the improved condition of the cotton, rayon, silk textile trade, the fur industry, and women's ready-to-wear clothing producers." *The American Banker* hears that "smart cotton and rayon skirts and stockings have replaced silk for both sport and household garments, and current sales in these lines are up about 30 per cent. from the same time last year."




How Cotton-Cloth Sales Are Rising

Note how sales this spring are rising faster than production, thus reducing stocks on hand and creating an "excellent statistical position."

The volume of sales of cotton cloths since January first has been heavier than in the same period of any recent year, says George A. Sloan, President of the Cotton Textile Institute, as quoted a few days ago in the New York *Times*. According to Mr. Sloan:

These large sales have completely changed the position of the industry.

While unfilled orders are now approaching peak levels, stocks on hand, the cause of concern only a few months ago, have diminished to the lowest volume ever recorded in the statistics of the industry. On many classes of goods stocks have been reduced to the minimum yardage on which current business can be transacted.

Notwithstanding this gratifying expansion of business, the mills are taking a conservative attitude regarding production, because of the conviction throughout the industry that the recent favorable trend in cotton textiles should not be regarded as a genuine recovery until the general business situation shows further improvement.

The excess capacity for production of cotton goods has been corrected to an important extent by the discontinuance of night employment of women and minors in a large proportion of the mills.

There is a growing tendency to discontinue night operations entirely, and to concentrate production on the day shift. These developments, together with further observance of greater uniformity of running time, promise to stabilize employment.

MR. SLOAN speaks highly of the efforts of Federal government departments to encourage the increased consumption of cotton goods. The cotton textile industry is sponsoring a "wear-more-cotton" campaign. And new uses for cotton are coming to light every day. One of these, according to Mr. Sloan, is the insertion of a heavy layer of waterproof cotton fabric between two layers of wood planking in the hulls of motor-boats and light cruisers, with the idea of making calking unnecessary. And they are using about 50,000 square yards of cotton fabric in building the new Ohio-made Zeppelin, the *Akron*.

So "there's some real enthusiasm these days in the cotton textile industry," remarks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, in the cotton-growing State of Louisiana. The New Orleans paper feels convinced that the cotton manufacturers have learned their lesson and "have determined not to be caught again in the alluring trap of a distress demand." This demand, tho much in evidence, is obviously, we read on, "the result, not of a big increase in total consumption, but as a consequence of the operators' own intentional reduction in volume of manufacture."

IT is partly the result of the discontinuance of night employment of women and minors which Mr. Sloan mentions. And this change, continues the Louisiana daily, has been welcomed in other directions. For one thing, it has caused rejoicing among the members of the National Consumers League, according to the League's general secretary, Mrs. Florence Kelley. As we are reminded:

Mrs. Kelley describes night work as "a horror," chargeable with undermining family life, endangering life and health of mothers, neglect of children, and high infant mortality. Voluntary action, therefore, of nearly all the mills, an action that at the same time improves the economic situation, is certainly, as Mrs. Kelley further stated, "an important forward move."

AT this time some definite figures running through February are made public by the Cambridge Associates of Boston, showing that sales of cotton cloth have been, during part of this period, at least, a third larger than production. This of course reduces the stock of goods on hand. This statistical service has prepared a chart, here reproduced, which shows the sales and the production of cotton cloths since 1925. There are notably wide fluctuations which tend to make individual monthly gains or losses of less significance than the trends discernible over a period of time. As this organization notes in its *Cambridge Daily News Service:*

Since the middle of 1930 both sales and production have moved on the upward side, but with the former generally ranging considerably above the latter, and both definitely pointing upward to the normal levels of 1927-1929.

In spite of its favorable showing recently, the cotton textile industry still suffers from low prices of cotton goods, which in many cases leave little if any margin of profit after the cost of production. Continuation of the present program of rigidly keeping production below sales should in the end, however, result in a more favorable level of prices and profits as demand continues to outstrip the new supply.

It is recognized, says *The Boston News Bureau*, "that the cotton textile industry has the most favorable opportunity in years to better itself; apparently the opportunity is to be seized."

Then there is wool. The Wool Institute, Inc., has figures showing a decided increase in loom activity in the early months of the present year. In fact, February figures are 14 per cent. above last year's monthly average. The increased activity in the woolen and worsted industry, so the Wool Institute is quoted in the New York *American*, "is a true indication of better business conditions in the wool trade, the men's and women's garment industries, and also in the retail clothing field."



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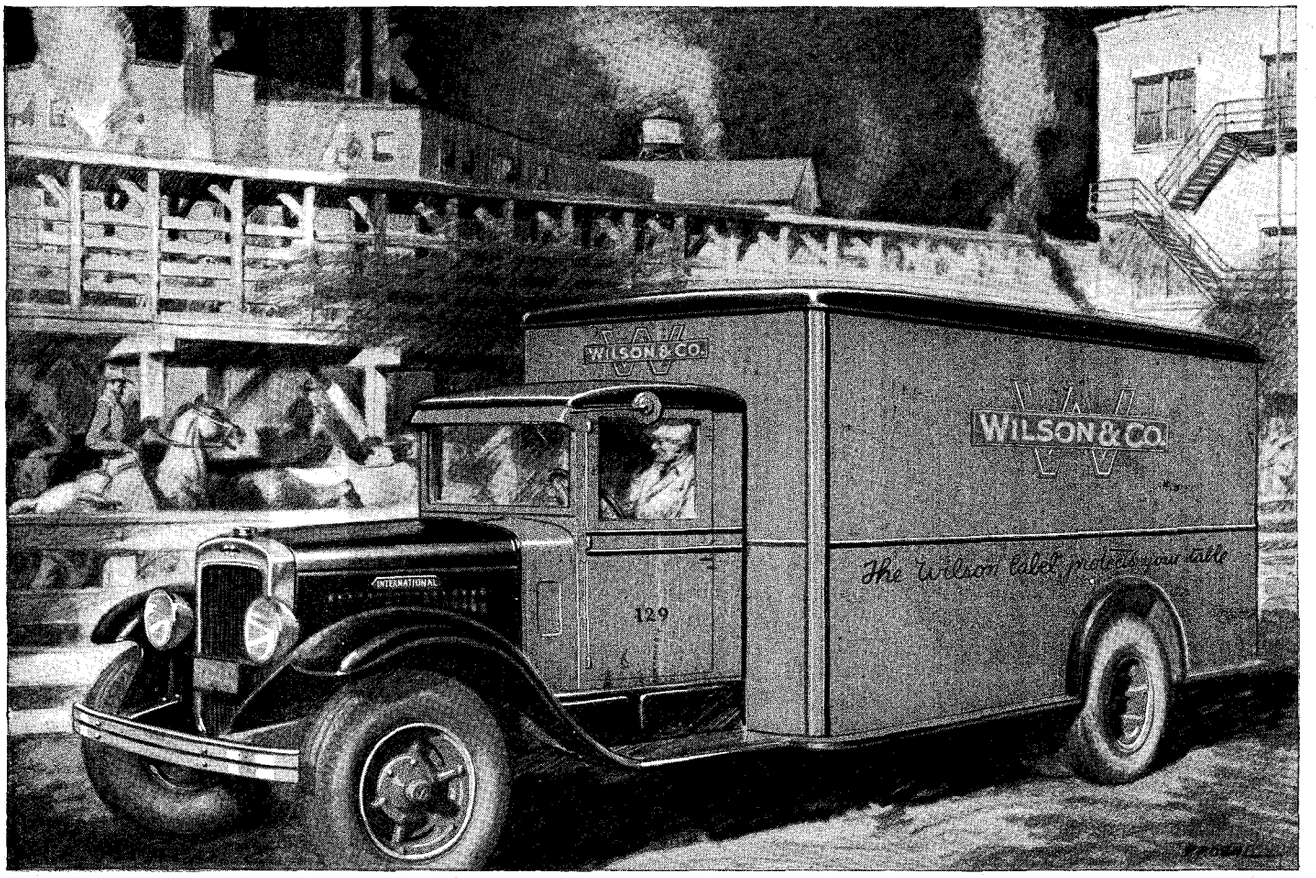


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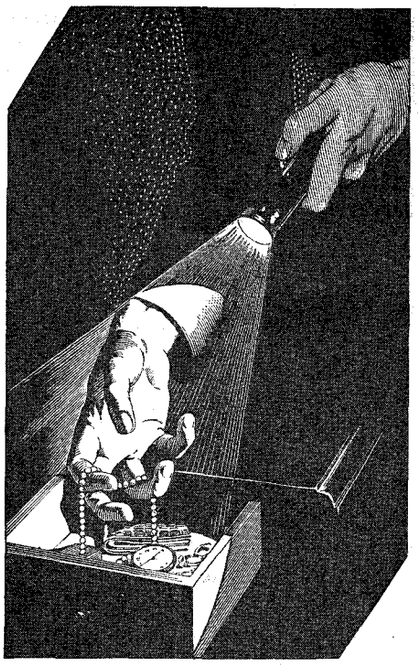

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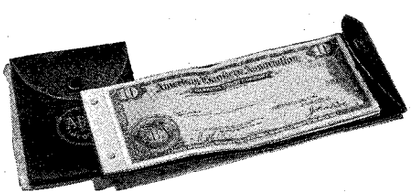

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## Effects of French Lending

THAT gold France has been hoarding is now going out again in the shape of foreign loans.

And this means that while France is now beginning to show some signs of suffering from the world depression, she is plainly increasing her political influence on the continent. For, as the New York *Times* puts it, "she has the military power and she has the financial power; she has two Big Sticks."

Since Gov. Clement Moret of the Bank of France announced that the French gold reserves were to be used abroad, we have heard of a $26,000,000 loan to Roumania, a $40,000,000 loan to Poland, another $40,000,000 one to Jugo-Slavia, and also of French participation in a $32,000,000 loan to Germany.

It is clear enough to a writer in the New York *Times* "that Paris is working toward the position of the banker of continental Europe, a position it shared with London before the World War." Also—

It is also perfectly apparent that the French are not engaged in a charitable enterprise. The terms of the loan to Roumania illustrate that.

And, in addition, it causes no surprize that the French are using their financial predominance to increase the strength of their political position.

It may be guessed that these loans will tighten the ties which bind the allies of France to Paris and that the ex-enemy countries borrowing in Paris will find it increasingly difficult to oppose the political plans of the Quai d'Orsay.

BUT as time goes on, we read in a *Times* editorial published a few days later, "it is harder to interpret French loans in terms of French hegemony and satrapies and wars of conquest":

The reason is the very good one that France is lending her money to others than her allies.

She has participated to the extent of eight million dollars in a loan to Germany. She is contemplating a loan to Greece, whose veteran pilot Venizelos was described not so very long ago as touring the European capitals in the interest of a Balkan League with an anti-French slant.

Most important of all is the large loan to Italy, which is being officially soft-pedaled at Rome, but about the imminence of which there seems to be little doubt.

With French gold streaming out in all directions on the continent, it can not be seriously maintained that the purpose behind it is mischief. This does not exclude the obvious fact that France is not harming herself with her allies by lending them money. But even if political considerations enter into French lending, it does not follow that the loans are for that reason an evil thing.

There is one solid reason for regarding them as a good thing.

To the extent that the influx of cash and credit ameliorates the economic situation in the borrowing countries it is a gain for saner politics and for peace in Europe. Domestic unrest and international squabbles are in part the symptoms of a run-down condition. In the case of Roumania, with

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her bad record of anti-Semitism, it is plain that the professional Jew-baiters have taken advantage of the deplorable economic condition of the peasantry.

What a loan will do to allay racial and religious friction was shown in the case of Poland and her stabilization loan several years ago. It was not that the Polish Government and people were bribed into a fairer policy to the Jews of their country. The economic improvement that followed upon the stabilization loan served to allay racial hostility by the simple expedient of making everybody in Poland a bit better off and less inclined to quarrel.

"Whether the loans mean that France is to become a close competitor of Great Britain and the United States as a lending nation, can not yet, of course, be safely predicted," says *The Nation*, "but French gold is at least being put to work."

## More Car for Less Money

HERE is a comparison that isn't odious at all, writes William Ullman.

It's the comparison between the American's new 1931 car and the car he bought four years ago.

Mr. Ullman goes on in one of his automobile feature articles sent out from Washington to show just how various classes of cars have been going up in power and size and down in price.

Suppose we take the cheap car first, and notice what we are getting to-day as compared with the car of the same class, 1927 model:

If it is one of the six lowest priced cars that is replaced by a new 1931 model in the same class, the buyer will get a car having close to twice the power.

There were four fours and two sixes in this class in 1927. Their average brake horse-power was thirty-one.

To-day, this same half-dozen makes is comprised of four sixes and two fours. Brake horse-power averages fifty-four.

The lowest powered of this half-dozen cars four years ago had twenty horse-power. It still is a four, and the best seller, but its rated horse-power to-day is forty.

The second most popular car, with two more cylinders than in 1927, has fifty horse-power against twenty-six in the earlier period. One of these has doubled, the other virtually doubled, engine output.

Another of the four-cylinder cars of that period has more than doubled its engine capacity. As a 1927 four-cylinder product it had thirty horse-power. To-day, as a six, it develops sixty-five.

Two other members of the same class have gained from thirty-eight to forty-eight and from thirty-six to sixty, respectively.

SINCE the cars in this class account for nearly three-quarters of the estimated total sales this year, it is interesting to notice what has happened to the price. As Mr. Ullman reminds us, "in 1927 the average price for the cheapest closed model in each line was $676; in 1931, the comparable model is available at $564." Now Mr. Ullman comes down to individual cases, and he tabulates the price facts of about


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six well-known makes, ranking them in the order of their 1930 sales popularity:

| *Car* | *Model* | *1927 Price* | *1930 Price* |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | 2-Door Sedan | $495 | $490 |
| No. 2 | Coach | $595 | $545 |
| No. 3 | Coach | $735 | $595 |
| No. 4 | Coach | $825 | $675 |
| *No. 5 | Coach | $780 | $565 |
| *No. 6 | Coach | $625 | $535 |

*The names of these cars have since been changed.

WHILE these low-priced cars have been growing in power as their price has diminished, they have at the same time been growing larger in body stature, we read on:

The average wheelbase in 1927 was 105 inches, while to-day it is 110. Changes in wheelbase length have been made in every case. Weight, also, has been increased. For identical body types, in the case of the most popular car, it has gained from 1,922 pounds to 2,375.

A similar trend is evident among the luxury cars.

Mr. Ullman takes the largest models of each of the four best-known makes in this field to show us that the average engine power has increased from 93 to 117 horsepower over the four-year period, 1927-1931. During the same time the average price of the sedan models of these cars has gone down from $4,735 to $4,097.

And now Mr. Ullman comes to the cars in the medium-priced tier. Here there has been a spectacular change. In almost every case eights have replaced sixes. He takes four representative cars in this group, not one of which was an eight four years ago. To-day, "the lowest-priced member of the best seller among this group has an eight-cylinder engine having 77 horse-power." Since the largest six of the 1927 line had an engine of the same output, "the $1,035 priced car to-day is as powerful as the $1,765 model that came out in 1927." The writer goes on to show how other medium-priced cars have been shifting from sixes to eights. In one case a $1,990 car of one make in 1927 is only slightly more powerful than the $795 model of the same make now.

And startling things have been happening to prices in this group:

For instance, the lowest priced model sedans of each of three makes in the earlier year of the comparative study were $1,195, $925, and $1,230. The prices of the comparable body types to-day are $1,035, $795, and $895.

Just below $1,000 this year one finds a type of car that did not exist when Americans were shopping for new models in the spring of 1927. It is the light eight.

What has happened in this class is illustrated by two cars, both of which were produced as popular sixes at that time. For one of them, the buyer of four years ago paid a list price of $1,285. The same car to-day, an eight, lists at $875. The other was a 45 horse-power six which bore an f. o. b. price of $1,095. To-day, it is an 85 horse-power V-eight, listing exactly $200 below the level of four years ago.


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## THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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**authoritative; qualitive; quantitive; substantive; substitutive.**—"G. S. H.," Baltimore, Md.—*Authoritative* is formed by combining *authority* with the English suffix *-ative*. Traced to the ultimate source, *authority* comes from the Latin *auctoritas*, "authority," from *auctor*, author. The suffix is from the Latin *-ativus*, which consists of the adjectival suffix *-ivus*, added to past participle stems in *-at-* of verbs in *-are;* for example, *demonstrare*, "to point out," *demonstrat-ivus*, "having the attribute or the habit of pointing out, tending to point out."

*Authoritative* was introduced into the language about three hundred and fifty years ago, and altho the form *authority* for the noun was in use six hundred years ago, the suggested form *authoritive* was not introduced, presumably because the Latin source of *authority* was the word *auctoritas*. *Authoritive*, therefore, is a hybrid, and *qualitive*, an erroneous form for *qualitative*, is in the same class, for the ultimate source of the word is the Late Latin *qualitativus*. Apart from this, *qualitative* had been in use for two hundred and fifty years before Baxter, in his "Library of Practical Agriculture," sought to introduce the form *qualitive* in 1846. *Quality* is ultimately from *qualis*, "of what kind," so that, while one word, *quality*, is applied to the character, kind, or nature of a thing, *qualitative* now is used usually in opposition to *quantitative* in the sense of "related or connected with quality or qualities."

While the word *quantitive* was a sound word, formed from *quantity* plus the suffix *-ive*, it was of later introduction than *quantative*, derived from the Late Latin *quantitativus*. *Quantitative* was introduced into our speech as early as 1581, and has been used continuously to our time. *Quantitive* was introduced in 1656, and went into innocuous desuetude in 1883. The form, *quantative*, introduced by Digby in 1644, which, in later editions of his work, appeared spelled *quantitive*, passed out of use shortly after 1665.

*Substitutive* is derived from the Late Latin *substitutivus* from the parent term *substituere*, from *sub* plus *statuere*, "to set up." *Substantive* is from the Late Latin *substantivus*, but is claimed to have been introduced in English from the Old French *substantif*. The Latin origin of the last two of these terms shows why the *ta* does not occur in their formation.

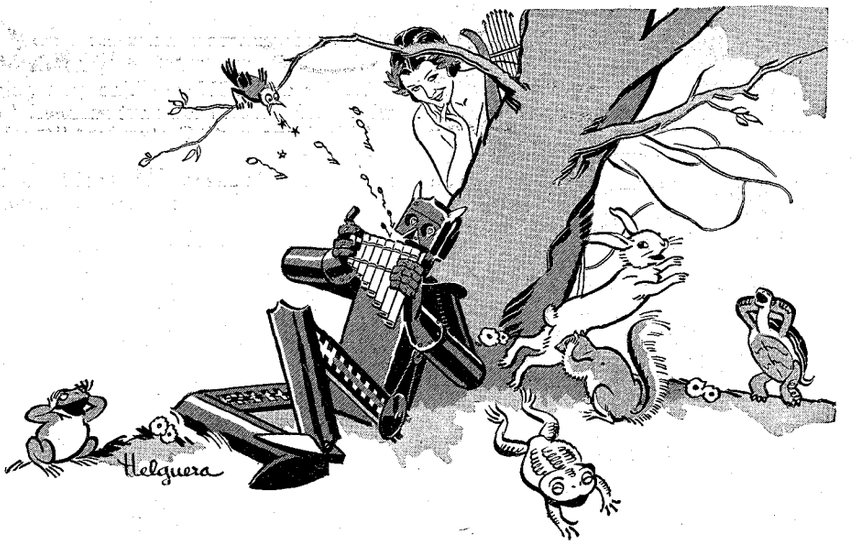
**Celebes.**—"J. S.," Berkeley, Calif.—Authorities differ on the pronunciation of *Celebes*. The Standard, International, and Winston Dictionaries, and the International, Americana, and Imperial Encyclopedias give *cel'ebes*. The Century Dictionary, and the Britannica, and Chambers Encyclopedias give *cel-e'bes*.

**Consuelo.**—"R. H. S.," Fredericton, N. B., Canada.—The correct pronunciation is *kon''su-i'lo*—first *o* as in *not*, *u* as in *rule*, *i* as in *police*, second *o* as in *obey;* or French *kon''su''e''lo'*—first *o* as in *or*, *n* with a nasal sound, *u* as in French *Dumas*, *e* as in *prey*, second *o* as in *obey*. *Consuelo* was the heroine of a story of the same name by George Sand.

**kind.**—"G. P. U.," Salt Lake City, Utah.—The word *kind* is a common noun that has been in our speech for more than a thousand years. When first introduced it was used as a singular, and so Ormin made use of it in about 1200 when he spoke of "twynne *kinde*," and again in "*Cursor Mundi*," written about 1300, we find "the *kind* of things learned he." But in 1387, according to *Higdon Rolls*, Trevisa wrote: "In Christ beeth two wills and two *kyndes* of the Godhead and manhead" (the spelling is modernized), a proof that *kind* has been used as a singular or plural, according to the requirements of the thought to be expressed.

Bearing upon this subject, Goold Brown in his "Grammar of English Grammars," says: "In general, a collective noun, unless it be made plural in form, no more admits a plural adjective before it than any other singular noun. Hence the impropriety of putting *these* or *those* before kind or sort, as 'These *kind* of knaves I know.'" Fernald, in his "English Grammar Simplified," says: "It is common to hear such expressions as 'these *kind* of flowers'; 'those *sort* of people,' which are wholly inaccurate. *Kind* or *sort* in such a phrase is singular. Tho a plural noun with a preposition follows it, the noun *kind* or *sort* continues singular and the adjective accompanying it must also be singular. We are speaking of many 'flowers,' it is true, but of only one *kind;* of many 'people,' but of only one *sort*. Hence we should say 'this *kind* of flowers'; 'that *sort* of people,' and so in all similar cases."

**pightel or pightle.**—"H. L. M.," Amagansett, N. Y.—The word to which you refer is spelled *pightel* or *pightle*, and means "a croft, a close, or a small field or meadow." The term is very old and figures in English records as far back as 1210. Its Anglo-Saxon root is said to have been *pycan*, but the latest English Dictionary claims that the origin is obscure.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# THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

**Brrr!**—"How can I make anti-freeze?"

"Hide her woolen pajamas."—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

**Tra-lee, Tra-loo!**—MRS. (entering hubby's den)—"Here's my new dress, dear. I bought it for a song."

MR.—"All right, send in the collector and I'll sing to him."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**And J. M. Barrie's the "Pawkies."**—F. D. suggests that those African hunting films be called "the stalkies." Films about country jays "the gawkies." Oversentimental films the "mawkies." And moving-pictures from G. B. S.'s plays the "Shawkies." — *Boston Transcript.*

**All Explained.**—"Hear about Jimson being in the hospital?"

"In the hospital? Why, I saw him last night dancing with a dizzy blonde."

"Yeh! So did his wife."—*Capper's Weekly.*

**Acid Test.**—In a California divorce case a man accuses his wife of being "sullen, mean, irritable, morbid, disagreeable, nasty, bitter, jealous, heckling, loathsome, insulting, miserly, selfish, uncivil, and inconsiderate." But could she cook?—*New York Evening Post.*

**Check and Double Check.**—A girl met an old flame and determined to high-hat him. "Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her, "but I did not get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the old flame, "but that is not your fault. You tried hard enough."—*Atchison Globe.*

**Slick One.**—"Do you know your wife is telling around that you can't keep her in clothes?"

"That's nothing. I bought her a home and I can't keep her in that either."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Alibi for Monday.**—A woman whose housewifely feats were always pushed to the limit of endurance and strength was observed to have changed her routine.

"No, I've let up a little on doin' my work that way," she admitted. "I've found that I can't wash, iron, and be a Christian all in one day."—*Christian Register.*

**Getting the Lowdown.**—"I'd like to know if I can get a divorce from my husband," said the dainty young thing.

"What has your husband done?" inquired the lawyer.

"Is it necessary to say that?" she asked.

"We must, of course, make some charge against him. State what he's done."

"Well, as a matter of fact, he hasn't done anything," she said. "I haven't got a husband, but I'm engaged to a man and I just wanted to see how easy I could get a divorce in case of need."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Wilder and Wilder.**—"Are you going with a Wild West show next summer?"

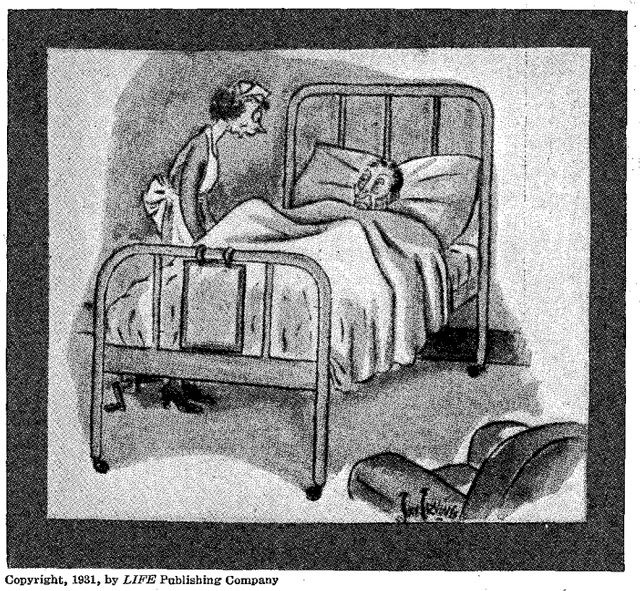
"No," answered Cactus Joe, "the big desperado work is bein' done in the metropolitan centers. I'm goin' to organize a Wild East show."—*Washington Star.*

**Imitate the Bulldog.**—A Scot who was a bad sailor was crossing the Channel. He went to the Captain and asked him what he should do to prevent seasickness.

"Have you got a sixpence?" asked the Captain.

"Ay," replied Sandy.

"Well, hold it between your teeth during the trip."—*Boston Transcript.*



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"Promise not to marry me if I get delirious."

—"Life."

**Comparatively Not.**—FRIEND (to young wife contemplating divorce)—"Remember, dear, you took your husband for better or for worse."

YOUNG WIFE—"But I didn't take him for good, did I?"—*Boston Transcript.*

**Anyway, Wifey Helped.**—GOVERNOR OF PRISON (to recaptured convict)—"Out with it, man. How did you effect your escape?"

DISTREST CONVICT—"Well, sir, me young wife sent me a file concealed in a cake, and I'm not sure now whether I ate the cake and sawed me way out with the file or ate the file and sawed me way out with the cake."—*Dublin Opinion.*

**Solving the Farm Problem.**—In the days before oil was discovered in Texas, a traveling man stopt for the night at a dry-land ranch near Wink.

As he discust the affairs of the country with his host, he became more and more puzzled as to how the little ranch paid its way. At last he ventured the question:

"How in the world do you make a go of things at all?"

Indicating the hired man, who was sitting at the far-end of the supper-table, the host replied:

"You see that feller there? Well, he works for me, and I can't pay him. In two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for him till I git it back."—*Hudson Star.*

## Slips That Pass in the Night

**Defying the Bill of Rights.**—Landscape gardner and fine old fertilizer for sale.—*Pueblo (Colo.) Chieftain.*

**Well-Known Accident.**—Harold H. B—— filed a petition for divorce from an accident in which he was married August 1, 1926.—*Omaha Bee-News.*

**Or Shoot Him Through the Gizzard.**—It is only a snake in the grass who will attempt to knife a man in the back with such lying insinuations.—*From a politician's statement in the Sacramento Bee.*

**Hot Mama!**—The hostess, assisted by her sister, served cake, coffee and hot children.—*Temple (Tex.) paper.*

**Tell It Not in Gath.**—
PRESIDENT HOOVER
RESTS ABOARD
BOTTLESHIP
—*Yakima (Wash.) Herald.*

**Reception for the Stork.**—A daughter, Thurile Louise, was born, March 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry —— at the special town meeting.—*Lewiston (Me.) paper.*

**Giving Eossy a Bad Name.**—We hear a great many complaints among the farmers who trade in this city against the thieving cows, which are allowed to roam through our streets with perfect inpurity.—*Mineral Point (Wis.) paper.*

**Welcome to the Yankee Pantheon, John.**—Mr. Huss is also of early American ancestory, being a descendant of John Huss, the fourteenth-century reformer and theologian.—*New York Evening Post.*

**A Flock of Yums.**—"I love you, too," she cried, and swaying toward him threw herself into his arms. His lips found and clung to her sweet, tremendous mouth.—*Story in the Minneapolis Sunday Journal.*

**Try the Subway.**—Mar Del Plata, Argentina.—The Prince of Wales, resting here prior to opening the Buenos Aires Trade Exhibition of British Empire Goods on Saturday, visited fiends at Estancia Chapadlal, making the trip by airplane.—*New York Sun.*

**Swell Concert.**—This great event will be duly observed by the following program:
Innovation by Prof. John Kelly.
Music, "Hell to the Chief," by the Hokah Hornet Band.
Base Solo, "Oh, How They Lied!" by Past Grand Patriarch Del Stewart.—*Hakoah (Minn.) paper.*



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